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NOTICE.

THE new law as to the Stamp Duty on Newspapers has not affected journals, not strictly newspapers, such as the *Critic*, which hitherto has enjoyed the same privilege of stamping only a part of its impression now given to all newspapers. But unstamped copies of it can now be transmitted through the post by affixing a penny postage-stamp; and, as this will be the most convenient mode of transmission, we shall not supply stamped copies unless specially desired.

Of course we undertake to deliver free of postage to all subscribers who take the paper direct from the office, and we shall use the newspaper-stamp, or a postage-stamp, according to convenience, when we cannot deliver by hand.

THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

THE LITERARY WORLD:

ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE meeting of the Literary Fund Subscribers, to which we referred in the last impression as being imminent, took place on the day indicated. The result was, as we anticipated, a refusal to adopt the report of the special committee. As we anticipated, the presence of so large a proportion of the Guild-of-Literature element in the composition of that body was sufficient to discredit its proceedings in the eyes of all who prefer a practical and useful object to attempting to realise the ambitious dreams of would-be literary chieftains. We all knew what the formation of a literary club would lead to. The eminent gentlemen who founded it would get upon the committee, and would take very good care that no one more eminent than themselves should be admitted. Their satellites, never mind how ignorant, how vulgar, or how anomalous soever in position, would be sure to be whiteballed, while rival constellations would be disgracefully excluded. This has been the practical working of every literary club with which we are acquainted. The best are not free from this taint. Clubbism is cliquism; and with the latter comes in the introduction of the snob-element, and the swell-element, to the exclusion of genuine merit. Let any literary man, who belongs to a literary club, confess honestly whether this is not so. We are therefore not surprised at the general body of the society for having negatived the report of the select committee.

But, although satisfied with the general result of the decision, we cannot say much in favour of the manner in which it was arrived at; neither can we altogether approve of the fact that men not literary should have the power of outvoting really literary men, upon a matter exclusively affecting the interests of the latter as a class. Probably, if justly weighed in a fair balance, the supporters of the obnoxious report were worth, as literary men, ten times as much as the respectable majority which outvoted them. That the MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE should throw his weight into the argument by threatening to withdraw the light of his countenance from the society, unless it did what he bid it, is a fact so monstrous that we wonder the entire body of subscribers did not indignantly rise and request the noble Marquis to go to the—Guild of Literature. Is literature really so much obliged to Lord LANSDOWNE that he should coerce by such a threat the Literary Fund? Are the dinners which he has given to already successful sons of literature, and the cheques which he has subscribed for the assistance of her paupers, not sufficiently repaid by the *ludos* which already surrounds the noble Marquis's name—thanks mainly to his *protégées*? While we think of it we almost regret that the report of the Committee was not adopted, in order that Lord LANSDOWNE, and all other such proud and dictatorial patrons, might have had an opportunity of relieving the Fund from the painful and expensive weight of their scornful alms; convinced as we are that the presence and bearing of such men tends to keep aloof many less ostentatious, but more sincere friends to the poor author.

Mr. MONCKTON MILNES, the biographer of KEATS, jocularly told the society that if they wanted to join a club they might get into the Athenæum. Which means that a poor literary man may get two magnates to nominate him; may wait five years before he is even balloted for; may pay some thirty pounds entrance fee, with a very considerable yearly subscription; and may after all gain the valuable privilege of eating expensive dinners, at something beyond the price that he would pay for it at the Star and Garter at Richmond, or the Trafalgar at Greenwich. The *Times* leader-writer said much more appositely that, if literary men wanted a club, there was the Whittington for them. But the Whittington was burned to the ground three months ago, which proves that the writer in the *Times* at least has not availed himself of his opportunities of joining that highly respectable club.

The cheap press is now a great fact, and the abolition of the penny stamp has produced its effect even

upon the established magnates of journalism. The *Times* announces its intention of selling its unstamped edition for fourpence, and its stamped for fivepence-halfpenny. The alleged reason for imposing the extra halfpenny is the necessity for having a uniform charge for the stamped edition, which will often require a three-halfpenny than a penny stamp. All the other dailies and weeklies will make a penny the difference in price between their stamped and unstamped editions. The immediate effect of the measure in creating new papers has hitherto been more obvious in the provinces than in London. The revolutions in the Manchester press are very radical in their nature. The *Manchester Guardian*, hitherto a dull and respectable bi-weekly, is about to assume the form of a twopenny daily. The *Examiner* and *Times* contracts its limits to those of a metropolitan evening paper, and prices itself at a penny. The *Manchester Weekly Advertiser*, a young and vigorous rival of these ancient respectabilities, preserves its present weekly shape, but issues a penny daily print as well, called the *Express*. This plan is also adopted by the *Liverpool Journal*, one of the most influential and able liberal papers in the empire. The *Liverpool Mercury* preserves its present form and days of publication, only lowering its price. Birmingham already possesses one new cheap daily print. Glasgow has one, and promises another. The *Edinburgh Guardian* has converted itself into a daily. Dublin also yields to the movement, and promises two cheap daily papers. As we write we are only cognisant of one cheap daily print in the metropolis, the *Courier and Telegraph*. Rumour traces the origin of this adventure to the Sabbatarian party, who think it necessary to counteract the poisonous emanations expected to proceed from the cheap press by a daily dose of cheap morality. The best thing which we have heard of this paper, is the excellent system of distribution set on foot by its promoters. A large corps of ragged-school boys has been organised, and will prove very efficient colporteurs of that or any other journal. CHARLES KNIGHT's cheap weekly paper has appeared, but does seem to have attracted any great amount of notoriety. The *Illustrated Times*, a cheap and formidable rival of the *Illustrated London News*, has met with a reception quite unprecedented. Although but three numbers have already appeared, if what we hear be true, the circulation already approaches a quarter of a million, and the demand is still unabated. From what we know of the literary and artistic talent employed upon this marvel of cheapness, the success is perfectly legitimate. The proprietors of the *Illustrated News*, alarmed at this brilliant onset, have started a cheap paper called the *Picture Times* to fight the new-comer upon his own ground.

Since writing the above, the *Daily Courier and Telegraph* has produced No. 1, and seems to realise all that we had prognosticated of it. Judged commercially, it is not a particularly good twopennyworth, when compared with the fourpennyworth of the old dailies. In bulk it is rather less than the *Globe*. The first number distinguishes itself by a fierce attack upon the Puseyites, through the cover of Prince Woronzoff's house saved from spoliation at Kertch. *Macta virtute!*

The great problem now to be solved by the promoters of cheap papers is a system of centralising news. The expenses of telegraphing will, of course, have to be divided between them, as among the American papers; but why should not the system be carried far beyond this? Why should not one corps of parliamentary reporters suffice for all the papers in the kingdom, whether cheap or dear? Five-minute turns in the gallery, and a corps of assistant transcribers, would enable such an office, with the assistance of a steam printing-press, to throw off the reports in slips ready for immediate transmission to any part of the country. Nor would the reports be any worse done by this system, but rather, as it seems to us, better; for, instead of having reports comparatively good and bad in the various papers, a single corps of picked reporters (and under such a system the very best possible might be secured) would supply reports of uniform and unquestioned accuracy. As an instance of the varied anomalies arising out of the present system, it may be mentioned that the *Morning Chronicle* has been celebrated for the superlative excellence of its parliamentary reports, although not for some time past noted for any other excellence; whereas the leading journal, which is supposed to employ (and generally does) the very highest talent obtainable upon all its different branches, has been remarkable among journalists for the inferiority of this particular department. Let the newspaper proprietors consider for one moment the vast saving to be effected by centralising their reporting system; and when they remember that in proportion as reports are accurate so they must be uniform, it is difficult to see how they can find any good reason for supporting the old system. Then, again, as for news: why not have a central news office? In Paris, where the system of journalism is so vaunted, and has been so much admired in this country, two large offices (the *agences* HAVAS and LEJOLIVET), derive very considerable incomes from the translation of foreign dispatches, and of paragraphs from the English papers.

On Saturday last the QUEEN visited the British Museum, accompanied by Colonel RAWLINSON, the celebrated Orientalist, and until lately British Consul

at Bagdad. Her Majesty carefully inspected and was greatly pleased with the numerous and highly interesting antiquities from Nineveh, lately excavated by Colonel RAWLINSON and Mr. LOFTUS. Colonel RAWLINSON has given up his office abroad, and is said to have retired into private life, at a comparatively early age, with no other purpose than to devote his whole time to deciphering arrow-head inscriptions. After many years of arduous service in the East, he has left behind him a reputation for courage, humanity, and administrative ability, seldom equalled; whilst his extraordinary acquirements as a linguist, an antiquarian, and a philologist, have won for him a name of world-wide celebrity. Mr. LAYARD said of him that he would rather have his assistance in the East than that of twenty thousand armed soldiers. After the QUEEN had inspected the Nineveh curiosities, she was conducted over the works of the new Reading-room, now fast progressing towards completion. The iron shell of the vast dome is now apparently perfect, and swarms of workmen are busily engaged in filling up the spaces with solid brick-work. Considering what still remains to be done, the glazing of the dome, the preparation and seasoning of the interior, and the arrangement of the books upon the shelves, the new Reading-room cannot be reasonably expected to open before the autumn of next year.

We have received with great satisfaction a circular from the London Society of Compositors, stating the scope and object of their association, and inviting inspection of its working. Although we have not yet had leisure to accept the latter, we have been able to gain some idea of the former from the statements put forward in the circular. As the London Society of Compositors very justly observes, it is a matter of the highest importance, both to authors, publishers, and public, that compositors should be men rather raised above the ordinary level of knowledge—indeed (as they modestly express it themselves), "that he should be a man possessing at least the rudiments of a good education." To effect this to an extent, and to enable those whose education had been neglected in early youth to repair the sin of omission of their parents, this society has provided a house in Raquet-court, Fleet-street (the very heart of letter-press printing), where they are forming such a library and newsroom as will be of service to their members. We learn that the news-room contains not only all the principal metropolitan papers (daily and weekly), and all the English magazines, but also the more important American and Australian papers; and it is also stated that a circulating library of great excellence is being organised. It appears that in past times a graceful and appropriate custom arose of always presenting the Compositor with a copy of the book which he had assisted to produce. This seems to have fallen into desuetude; but the Compositors hint delicately that if that custom were revived their proposed library would be greatly benefited. It is true that when this custom obtained there was no British Museum or wealthy University to take title and toll from the publishers.

M. MOXT's fourth lecture upon Art took place on the 20th ult. In it, he continued his dissertation upon Greek Art pure, and Greek Art among the Romans; and entered fully into the difficult question of additional resources derived from colouring and other effects.

We have received the following obliging communication from two lady correspondents, upon the subject of the Memoirs of the Rev. SYDNEY SMITH:—

"In the Memoirs of the Rev. Sydney Smith, lately published, an ode in imitation of Gray, beginning 'Lo! where the gaily vested throng,' is attributed to Miss Berry. It was a *jeu-d'esprit* written in her name by the late Miss Catherine Fanshawe. The well-known lines upon the letter H have been ascribed to Lord Byron, although really written by the same talented authoress; and it is desirable that this mistake should be rectified before it becomes more generally believed."

We must confess that we, like many others, have hitherto regarded that well-known enigma as the production of LORD BYRON, although we do not remember to have seen it included in any edition of his works.

Professor FERRIER, son-in-law to the departed KIT NORTH, promises a collected edition of his inimitable works. The series is to begin this month, and fifty opens with the "Noctes." Strange though it be, it is the first time that these celebrated dialogues have been printed in this country in a collected form. In America several editions have been published, and always with great success. "The City of the Crescent," by GORDON O. L. GORDON TRENEY, Esq., is announced to be just ready. The promise of an accurate description of Harem life gives a zest to expectation, still further heightened by the author's significant hint that he has "enjoyed unusual facilities of access to" the sort of thing which he purposes to describe. The result of his experience (so he announces) is to denounce all former travellers who have ignorantly pretended to write upon the subject, not excepting Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE. The Memoirs of Lieutenant BELLOT, the brave Frenchman who perished in attempting to save Sir JOHN FRANKLIN, are shortly to appear; and the same publishers (Messrs. HURST and BLACKETT) announce as just ready Captain CHAMIER's "Unsentimental

Journey through France, Switzerland and Italy." Mr. ARTHUR HELPS will shortly produce a treatise on the "Spanish Conquest of America, and its relation to the History of Slavery."

The appearance of SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON's eldest son in the literary arena, under the disguise of "OWEN MEREDITH," proves that the genius of the father is to be hereditary for at least one generation. The little volume of poems, published under this *nom de plume*, is a decided success, and Mr. EDWARD ROBERT BULWER, having fairly won his spurs in the gentle fight, may now appear in his proper character, and under his true name, without disgracing either. The choice of the *alias* was evidently dictated by the fact that the LYTTON family traces itself back, in a direct line, to those Welsh

OWENS and MEREDITHS who were among the first nobility of Wales. Sir OWEN TUDOR, who was an ancestor in the direct line, was beheaded in 1460. Mr. BULWER is only twenty-three years old, and great things may therefore be expected of him.

Our Italian correspondent writes us word that a translation of LAYARD's "Nineveh," by Count ERCOLE MALVASIA TORTORELLI, has recently been published at Bologna. This volume, of rather less than 400 pages, reproduces the abridgment made by the author of those celebrated travels, embellished with all the engravings given in the original. Now for the first time appearing in the Italian language, the work of our illustrious discoverer and traveller can hardly fail to excite the attention of *savans* of that nationality. Count MALVASIA proves himself not only a trans-

lator scrupulously correct, but in style a very pleasing, natural, and flowing writer. He has done more than merely translate, adding various elucidatory notes, citations from authors, Greek, Latin, or modern, referred to in the original. Many passages in this work, filled with technical terms and local allusions, must have presented difficulties to the Italian most versed in our language; yet in no instance have these difficulties occasioned confusion, or a surcharged phraseology in the translation. As to type, illustrations, and binding, the "getting up" of this publication is highly creditable to the press it emanates from, and forms one additional claim to the title of the ancient Felsina for asserting rivalry, in the intellectual domain, with that "Eternal City" to which she is subject.

L.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHY.

The Philosophy of the Beautiful. By JOHN G. MACVICAR, D.D. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.

MUCH has been written upon the nature and theory of Beauty, and the ideas current with regard to it among philosophers have varied according to the general tendencies of the philosophy of the time. According as Platonism, Aristotelism, Epicurism, has prevailed, so has the theory of the beautiful been modified. The subject is evidently one closely allied to that of morals, but has generally been regarded as subordinate to it. Among the Greeks alone do the ideas of the good and the beautiful appear to have been recognised as co-ordinate. The practical appreciation of the beautiful, too, has manifestly varied with the religion and morality of each age and race, so that what has appeared graceful and lovely to some generations is held mere deformity by others. At the present day, when the mind of civilised nations is struggling with peculiar intensity towards clearer and more fixed notions upon the subjects of deepest human interest, the question of the true nature of the beautiful presents itself among the most important problems. This intellectual movement is accompanied by an earnest striving in a practical direction, namely, the development of the beautiful in art; and abundance of material is hereby furnished to the speculative mind for its investigations. A very popular view of the beautiful of late years is, that it is identical with the natural—in other words, that everything natural is beautiful—an idea which has sprung from the clear perception of the unity of nature and the consistency of her laws. So long as this unity was not seen it was easy to attribute everything deformed or ugly to the influence of opposed and thwarting powers. But this idea having been effectually and for ever banished from the philosophic, and in large measure from the popular mind, the absolute beauty of every individual part of nature's arrangements has followed as a sort of logical consequence in the minds of thinkers. Dr. Macvicar's first chapter, "on the Beauty of Nature," is entitled by him "a defence." It is, in fact, a defence of the ugly on the ground of utility. He points out the grounds and causes why certain objects and creatures are ordained to be offensive to the senses, and contends that the disgust which we feel at them is merely a consequence of the relations existing between us and them; and that, viewed absolutely or taken in connection with the whole system of nature, the same things would appear to us perfectly beautiful. There is no contesting the correctness of this view, in which, of course, there is no novelty; it is only necessary to guard against the conclusion, sometimes inconsiderately drawn, that, upon the ground here stated, ugliness does not exist in nature at all. The above considerations only give the explanation of ugliness, and justify its existence in nature, but by no means prove its non-existence. This is a matter which the senses alone can judge of. From their judgment, as to the pleasure or displeasure which they receive from external impressions, there is no appeal; only, such is the complex nature of man, that what is displeasing to the sense may, by contrast or combination, give rise to sensations of a higher order, which may be in the highest degree pleasurable.

The sensation of the beautiful then resolves

itself into two distinct kinds—the one, that arising immediately and directly from the perception of something, as sound or colour; the other from the suggestion of some physical or moral quality, or what is generally understood by expression. In the first case, the mind is only conscious of a certain sweetness which it enjoys, and of which it is able to give no explanation. In the other it finds little difficulty in referring its pleasure to some secondary feeling, as repose, exaltation, power. The opposite of the one sensation is the simply offensive or disgusting; of the other, the ugly or hateful.

The researches of science have, however, shown that the bare sensation of the pleasurable is connected with certain relations and proportions existing in the things themselves which we perceive, of which relations we are not directly conscious through our senses. The well-known relations which exist between the number of the vibrations of musical strings, upon which in some manner depends the agreeableness of chords to the ear, are an instance of this. The book before us contains some very suggestive observations upon the abstruse and hitherto not satisfactorily investigated subject, the connection namely between the aesthetics and the physics of sound.

The difference which we have above slightly indicated of the two several kinds of beauty, the author explains by a reference to the two different modes in which the laws of nature may be viewed, in their operation and their product. The two epochs in nature, that of operation and that of product, the dynamical and the statical, he takes as the first fact of the analysis, and proposes to view the laws of nature when considered as producers of the material system, and of beauty, as seen in, first, those forms and lineaments which are under change, and tending or pressing on towards those which are their end and aim; and, secondly, those forms and lineaments which the latter tend to, the resultant, the statical conditions of the same material. He illustrates this distinction by the effect of a landscape as the object of æsthetic contemplation. The effect which it produces on the beholder, and the emotion which it awakens in his heart, are to be explained by a reference to nature in these two epochs, the dynamical and the statical. The mountains, ravines, rain-clouds, and rivers, why are they felt to be expressive and sublime—that is, why do they seem animated and powerful? They are manifestations of the laws of nature in this dynamic epoch, struggling to accomplish an end from which they are always kept off. Examples of the other epoch, the statical, are found in the fully-developed and completed forms of objects taken individually, and without reference to their relative positions—such as crystals, fruits, flowers, leaves, and other details; and among artificial forms, symmetrical and kaleidoscopic forms are attributed to this class; while the ogee, scrolls, and outlines indicative of motion or incompleteness, are classed as expressive or dynamical. To the statical epoch, we think, should be added all simple pleasurable impressions of colour, sound, and even other sensations.

The views thus enunciated are pursued and developed by Dr. Macvicar with great ability, and, to some extent, in an original manner; nor will the book, we imagine, be found unpopular or unintelligible to readers generally, although dealing with some of the most abstruse topics of metaphysical inquiry. The ultimate cause of the beautiful is found in the sympathy of the soul of man with the laws of nature,

which are also the laws, consciously or unconsciously, of his own being. We must, however, refer the reader whose curiosity is awakened by this interesting subject, to the work itself, which is of no large dimensions. It is illustrated by some excellent outlines by Mr. Samuel Edmonston.

The seventh volume of the *Collected Works of Dugald Stewart*, edited by Sir William Hamilton (Constable), contains the third and fourth books of the famous treatise on the "Philosophy of the Active and Moral Powers of Man." The third and fourth books which are here contained treat of the various branches of our duty—our duties to God, and our duties to man: the latter being divided into those which respect our fellow-creatures, and those which respect ourselves. If these were more studied there would be fewer errors in legislation; we should better understand the true province of jurisprudence; and we should know better how society is to be regulated, and how offences against it are to be prevented and punished. Metaphysical studies, or rather moral philosophy, is out of fashion just now; but our youth would profit much if they would revert to it; for it would teach them habits of exact thought, if nothing more; and for this we would recommend them to read the volume before us.

Pliny's Natural History, Vol. II., forms the new volume of that bold but successful enterprise "Bohn's Classical Library." It is admirably translated; the notes abound in information; and the text of the old naturalist will astonish the modern reader for the extent of knowledge actually possessed, although mingled with much error.

SCIENCE.

Glaucus; or, the Wonders of the Shore. By CHARLES KINGSLEY, Author of "Westward Ho!" "Hypatia," &c. Fcp. 8vo. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1855.

Glaucus is not, as many readers might infer from its second title, *Wonders of the Shore*, a manual to guide sea-side visitors in their rambles or researches, but rather an eloquent exhortation to the study of Natural History generally. It was originally, its author informs us, an article in the *North British Review*, and is now expanded into a small volume. Mr. Kingsley upon this subject, as indeed upon all others which he handles, is an enthusiast; but who ever moved or aroused his fellow-men to action who did not first manifest in his own person earnestness of purpose?

There are those (writes Mr. Kingsley) who regard the study of Natural History as a mere amusement, and that a somewhat effeminate one; and think that it can at best help to while away a leisure hour harmlessly, and perhaps usefully, as a substitute for coarser sports, or for the reading of novels. Those, however, who have followed it out, especially on the sea-shore, know better. They can tell from experience that over and above its accessory charms of pure sea breezes, and wild rambles by cliff and loch, the study itself has had a weighty moral effect upon their hearts and spirits. Let no one think that this same natural history is a pursuit fitted only for effeminate or pedantic men. We should say rather that the qualifications required for a perfect naturalist are as many and as lofty as were required by old chivalrous writers for the perfect knight errant of the middle ages; for (to sketch an ideal, of which we are happy to say our race now affords many a fair realisation) our perfect naturalist should be strong in body; able to haul a dredge, climb a rock, turn a boulder, walk all day, uncertain where he shall eat or rest; ready to face sun and rain, wind and frost, and to eat or drink thankfully

anything, however coarse or meagre; he should know how to swim for his life, to pull an oar, sail a boat, and ride the first horse which comes to hand; and, finally, he should be a thoroughly good shot, and a skilful fisherman; and, if he go far abroad, be able on occasion to fight for his life.

Audubon, Waterton, and Professor Wilson possessed all the above prescribed qualifications; and so does Bishop Selwyn of New Zealand, who has been known to startle an archdeacon upon a visitation progress, by asking him on the bank of a broad river whether he could swim, and assuring the astonished divine, while he proceeded to divest himself of his own apparel, that swimming was an essential accomplishment for every New Zealand clergyman!

Mr. Kingsley requires the moral character of his naturalist to be as highly accomplished as his physical; he must be "gentle and courteous, ready and able to ingratiate himself with the poor, the ignorant, and the savage; not only because foreign travel will be often otherwise impossible, but because he knows not how much invaluable local information can be only obtained from fishermen, miners, hunters, and tillers of the soil." He should be "brave and enterprising," and "withal patient and undaunted, not merely in travel, but also in investigation; knowing (as Lord Bacon might have put it) that the kingdom of nature, like the kingdom of heaven, must be taken by violence, and that only to those who knock long and earnestly does the great mother open the doors of her sanctuary." He must be also of a reverent turn of mind, "giving man credit always for some germ of truth, and giving nature credit for an inexhaustible fertility and variety, which will keep him his life long always reverent, yet never superstitious; wondering at the commonest, but not surprised by the most strange; free from the idols of sin and sensuous loveliness; able to see grandeur in the minutest objects, beauty in the most ungainly; estimating each thing not carnally, as the vulgar do, by its size or its pleasantness to the senses, but spiritually, by the amount of Divine thought revealed to him therein; holding every phenomenon worth the noting down; believing that every pebble holds a treasure, every bud a revelation; making it a point of conscience to pass over nothing through laziness or hastiness, lest the vision once offered and despised should be withdrawn; and looking at every object as if he were never to behold it again." Lastly, the naturalist must be "self devoted; he must desire to advance, not himself and his own fame or wealth, but knowledge and mankind. He should have this great virtue; and in spite of many short-comings (for what man is there who liveth and sinneth not?) naturalists as a class have it to a degree which makes them stand out most honourably in the midst of a self-seeking and mammonite generation, inclined to value everything by its money-price, its private utility. The spirit which gives freely because it knows that it has received freely; which communicates knowledge without hope of reward, without jealousy and mean rivalry, to fellow-students and to the world; which is content to delve and toil comparatively unknown, that from its obscure and seemingly worthless results others may derive pleasure, and even build up great fortunes, and change the very face of cities and lands, by the practical use of some stray talisman which the poor student has invented in his laboratory; this is the spirit which is abroad among our scientific men, to a greater degree than it has been among any body of men for many a century past; and might well be copied by those who profess deeper purposes and a more exalted calling, than the discovery of a new zoophyte or the classification of a moorland crag."

We have already intimated that Mr. Kingsley's *Glaucus* is by no means a student's manual to guide him in his search for zoophytes or marine plants, like the excellent treatises in that line of Mr. Gosse, Professor Harvey, and others; but *Glaucus* is, nevertheless, a capital sea-side book, and stimulative to marine investigations, as was the herb which incited the fisherman of Anthedon to plunge beneath the waves. Who can read the following description of Torbay, and help desiring to leave the *funum, et opes, strepitumque Rome*,—the dirt, and dust, and din of London—behind him, and wander with *Glaucus* *παρά τὴν θαλάσσαν*?

TORBAY AND ITS TREASURES.

Torbay is a place which should be as much endeared to the naturalist as to the patriot and the artist. We cannot gaze on its blue ring of water, and the great

limestone bluffs which bound it to the north and south, without a glow passing through our hearts, as we remember the terrible and glorious pageant which passed by in the glorious July days of 1588, when the Spanish Armada ventured slowly past Berry Head, with Elizabeth's gallant pack of Devon captains (for the London fleet had not yet joined) following fast in its wake, and dashing into the midst of the vast line, undismayed by size and numbers, while their kin and friends stood watching and praying on the cliffs, spectators of Britain's Salamis. The white line of houses, too, on the opposite side of the bay, is Brixham, famed as the landing-place of William of Orange; the stone on the pier-head which marks his first footsteps on British ground is sacred in the eyes of all true English Whigs; and close by stands the castle of the settler of Newfoundland, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Raleigh's half brother, most learned of all Elizabeth's admirals in life, most pious and heroic in death. And as for scenery, though it can boast of neither mountain peak nor dark fiord, and would seem tame to a western Scot or Irishman, yet Torbay surely has a soft beauty of its own. The rounded hills slope gently to the sea, spotted with squares of emerald grass, and rich red fallow fields, and parks full of stately timber trees. Long lines of tall elms just flushing green in the spring hedges run down to the very water's edge, their boughs unworped by any blast; and here and there apple-orchards are just bursting into flower in the soft sunshine, and narrow strips of water-meadow line the glens, where the red cattle are already lounging knee-deep in richest grass, within ten yards of the rocky pebble beach. The shore is silent now, the tide far out; but six hours hence it will be hurling columns of rosy foam high into the sunlight, and sprinkling passengers and cattle, and trim gardens which hardly know what frost and snow may be, but see the flowers of autumn meet the flowers of spring, and the old year linger smilingly to twine a garland for the new. No wonder that such a spot as Torbay, with its delicious Italian climate, and endless variety of rich woodland, flowery lawn, fantastic rock-cavern and broad bright tide-sand, sheltered from every wind of heaven except the soft south-east, should have become a favourite haunt, not for invalids only, but for naturalists. Indeed, it may well claim the honour of being the original home of marine zoology and botany in England. Follow us then, reader, in imagination out of the gay watering-place, with its London shops and London equipages, along the broad road beneath the sunny limestone cliff, tufted with golden furze; past the huge oaks and green slopes of Tor Abbey; and past the fantastic rocks of Livermead, scooped by the waves into a labyrinth of double and triple caves, like Hindoo temples, upborne on pillars banded with yellow and white and red,—a week's study, in form, and colour, and chiaro-oscuro, for any artist; and a mile or so further along a pleasant road, with landlocked glimpses of the bay, to the broad sheet of sand which lies between the village of Taignton and the sea—sands trodden a hundred times by Montagu and Turton, perhaps by Dillwyn and Gaertner, and many another pioneer of science. And once there, before we look at anything else, come down straight to the sea margin; for yonder lies, just left by the receding tide, a mass of life such as you will seldom see again. It is somewhat ugly, perhaps, at first sight; for ankle-deep are spread, for some ten yards long by five broad, huge dirty shells, as large as the hand, each with its loathly grey and black tongue hanging out, a confused mass of slimy death. Let us walk on to some cleaner heap and leave these, the great *Lutaria elliptica*, which have been lying buried by thousands in the sandy mud, each with its long siphon above the surface, sucking in and driving out again the salt-water on which it feeds, till last night's ground-swell shifted the sea bottom and drove them up hither to perish helpless but not useless on the beach. See, close by is another shell bed, quite as large, but comely enough to please any eye. What a variety of forms and colours are there, amid the purple and olive wreaths of wrack, and bladder-weed, and tangle (coar-weed as they call it in the south), and the delicate green ribbons of the *Zostera* (the only English flowering plant which grows beneath the sea), surely contradicting, as do several other forms, that somewhat hasty assertion of Mr. Ruskin's, that Nature makes no ribbons, unless with a mid-rib, and I know not what other limitations, which seem to me to exist only in Mr. Ruskin's fertile but fastidious fancy. What are they all? What are the long white razors? What are the delicate green-grey scimitars? What are the tapering brown spires? What the tufts of delicate yellow plants, like squirrels' tails, and lobsters' horns, and tamarisks, and fir-trees, and all other finely-cut animal and vegetable forms? What are the groups of grey bladders with something like a little bud at the tip? What are the hundreds of little pink-striped pears? What those tiny babies' heads, covered with grey prickles instead of hair? The great red star-fish, which Ulster children call "the bad man's hands;" and the great whelks, which the youth of Musselburgh know as roaring buccies, these we have seen; but what, oh! what are the red capsicums? Yes, what are the red capsicums? and why are they poking, snapping,

starting, crawling, tumbling wildly over each other, rattling about the huge mahogany cockles, as big as a man's two fists, out of which they are protruded? Mark them well, for you will perhaps never see them again. They are a Mediterranean species, or rather three species, left behind upon these extreme south-western coasts, probably at the vanishing of the same warmer ancient epoch which clothed the Lizard Point with the Cornish heath, and the Killarney mountains with Spanish saxifrages, and other relics of a Flora whose home is now the Iberian peninsula, and the sunny cliffs of the Riviera. Rare in every other shore, even in the west, it abounds in Torbay to so prodigious an extent, that the dredge, after five minutes' scrape, will often come up choke full of this great cockle only. You will see tens of thousands of them in every cove for miles this day, and every heavy winter's tide brings up an equal multitude—a seeming waste of life, which would be awful in our eyes, were not the Divine Ruler, as His custom is, making this destruction the means of fresh creation, by burying them in the sands, as soon as washed on shore, to fertilise the strata of some future world. It is but a shell fish truly; but the great Cuvier thought it remarkable enough to devote to its anatomy elaborate descriptions and drawings which have done more perhaps than any others to illustrate the curious economy of the whole class of bivalve, or double-shelled mollusca. If you wish to know more about it than we can tell you, open Mr. Gosse's last book, the "Aquarium," at p. 222.

This is a somewhat lengthened quotation; but we think it will not be considered tedious by any reader who delights in these zoological researches. All our London readers and many of our country ones must be familiar with Mr. Gosse's beautiful aquarium in the Regent's-park Zoological Gardens; would they not like to have a marine aquarium in their own conservatory or drawing-room? Oh, yes, exclaims each fair reader. Well, then, Mr. Kingsley offers some simple directions, "such as any one can put into practice who goes down to stay in a lodging-house at the most cockney of watering-places," and by following which he may, at trifling cost, bring back to town a very respectable aquarium of his own. But for the delectation of those who are not going down to the sea-side this year, Mr. Kingsley gives instructions for the construction and management of a fresh-water aquarium, by means of which, he observes, "you may still study natural history in your own drawing-room by looking a little into 'the wonders of the pond.' A fresh-water aquarium, though by no means as beautiful as a salt-water one," continues Mr. Kingsley, "is even more easily established, and may give many an hour's quiet amusement to an invalid laid on a sofa or imprisoned in a sick room, and debarred from reading, unless by some such means, any page of that great green book outside, whose pen is the finger of God, whose covers are the fire kingdoms and the star kingdoms, and its leaves the heather-bells, and the polypes of the sea, and the gnats above the summer stream."

We had marked for quotation Mr. Kingsley's lucid directions for the construction, management, and safe conveyance of both sea and fresh water aquaria; but, considering the great beauty of the essay itself, and its trifling cost, we think it better to refer all those interested in such pursuits to the pages of *Glaucus*, which the reverend and accomplished author thus piously closes:

And so I end this little book, hoping, even praying, that it may encourage a few more labourers to go forth into a vineyard which those who have toiled in it know to be full of ever-fresh health, and wonder, and simple joy, and the presence and the glory of Him whose name is love.

A Manual of Botany; being an Introduction to the Study, Structure, Physiology, and Classification of Plants. By JOHN HUTTON BALFOUR, M.D. Third edition, revised and enlarged, by JOSEPH WILLIAMS, M.D. London: Griffin and Co.

THIS new volume of the Cabinet Edition of the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana" contains the most complete treatise on Botany and Vegetable Physiology in our language. It obtained great reputation upon its first appearance from the pen of Dr. Balfour in the "Metropolitana;" but since he wrote immense progress has been made in knowledge of the physiology of plants, mainly through the help of the microscope. Dr. Williams has brought down the information to the latest moment, considerably extending the work of his predecessor. It is now a compact and complete volume, lavishly illustrated with excellent woodcuts; and we would recommend it to all students of botany as their most intelligent teacher and guide.

HISTORY.

Memoirs of the Court and Cabinets of George III. From original family documents. By the Duke of BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS, K.G. Vols. III. and IV. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1855.

THESE volumes complete the valuable series of selections from the private papers of his family, with which his Grace of Buckingham and Chandos has been good enough to present the world. Commencing with the Grenville correspondence, and ending with the present series, these documents constitute one of the richest and most important collections of authentic material which have been placed within the reach of the historical student for some time past. Contemporary private correspondence is always, to a certain extent, valuable, inasmuch as it throws a light upon the manners and prevalent opinions of the time, more or less brilliant in proportion to the character and station of its writers; but when it is the correspondence of a family, which was second to none in the greatness of its opportunities for attaining political information—of a family which was entirely mixed up with the highest combinations of political intrigue—of a family, moreover, which had too keen a sense of Number One ever to act without the surest bases, or after the most careful consideration—we find it impossible to overrate the value of the Duke of Buckingham's gift.

Of all the volumes in the series, these two probably comprise the most momentous period, and refer to the greatest variety of important events. At the commencement of the third volume we find Bonaparte, then First Consul, making the most strenuous endeavours to consolidate a peace with England. Upon his first assumption of the reins of power, he promised the French people that he would obtain for them a durable peace. Although it was rather too early to word this promise in the emphatic declaration of his nephew—*L'Empire, c'est le paix*—he explained to them that the peace which he required was not to be purchased at the costly expense of conquest, but was to be procured by negotiation, conducted on principles of moderation. How ill he succeeded in this is a matter of history; but whether the fault be chargeable against the ambition of the future Emperor or our own haughty pride, can never be satisfactorily settled. We know what were the notions of our own sovereign, George III., upon the subject of succession; and it is not easy to believe that he would have consented to any peace, however sincerely, honestly, and temperately urged by the First Consul, unless it had for its basis the restoration of the Royal Family of France to the throne from which they had been so rudely hurled. The opinions of the King were, to a great extent, shared by Lord Grenville, as may be gathered from the following note, written by him to the Marquis of Buckingham, immediately after the reception of Talleyrand's famous letter addressed to the King, and making overtures for peace.

My dearest Brother,—I send you for your New Year's gift a curiosity. I need not tell you that we shall say, no.—I am occupied in studying how to say it in the manner the least shocking to the numerous tribe of those who hate the French and the Jacobins, but would to-morrow sign a peace that should put us at the mercy of both.

So there was a Peace Party in England even in those days. What the answer was appears by a subsequent communication.—“That the King has had to defend himself against the system, &c.—that he yet sees no security for the abandonment of that system, and cannot therefore now treat—that the best pledge of that abandonment would be the restoration of the King, &c.; but that this is not the only way to peace; and that whenever the King has sufficient security, &c., he will be ready to treat.” How far the last clause was sincere cannot now be determined; thus much is certain, that His Majesty's ministers never *did* see the way to a peace until the Bourbons were once more restored to France. Talleyrand's rejoinder to this reply is represented to have been “very moderate in its tone;” but Lord Grenville, with the keen air of a diplomatist who cares more to display his own tact than to serve the real interests of his country, declares that it “contains several weak points extremely open to attack.”

As if the nation had not enough of foreign imbrolios upon its hands, the Act of Union between Great Britain and Ireland was at this time convulsing the internal policy of the country.

The Irish opposition fought the battle against the Government with great violence, and the arena of the House of Commons was not sufficient for the hostilities to which this important measure gave rise. Tom Grenville, writing to his high and mighty brother the Marquis, states that “Grattan was so personal, that Corry challenged him; they have fought, and Corry is wounded in the arm, but not badly.” A few days afterwards, the Right Hon. Isaac Corry reports for himself that “it is unpleasant pastime with unpleasant company” that he has been engaged in.

The conduct of the hopeful heir to the Crown naturally enough forms an occasional topic in this private correspondence. The following passage occurs in a letter from Mr. W. H. Fremantle to the Marquis of Buckingham.

The Prince of Wales is going to bring a Bill into Parliament to enable him to mortgage the Duchy of Cornwall, and I hear from pretty good authority that the Government have lent themselves to his views upon it. The object is to clear his private debts, and leave him a net 100,000*l.* per annum. He looks dreadfully—indeed, I think it quite impossible he can recover; but I dined in his company the other day, and he ate with a good appetite, and did not drink to his former excess.

In March 1800 the news came of the results of Sir Sidney Smith's Egyptian diplomacy. The opinion of Lord Grenville upon this blunder of the brave soldier's is pithy enough:—

Sir Sidney Smith has played the devil in Egypt, and has made the Turks, against their will, sign a treaty with Kleber to let him bring his 15,000 men safe home to France to fight us there instead of fighting the plague in Egypt. What a blockhead!

Tom Grenville, following his brother at a respectful distance, speaks of Sir Sidney more mildly, as “a greater hero than politician.”

On the 15th of May, 1800, George III. had two very narrow escapes from death. At a review of the Grenadier Guards in Hyde Park, a spectator fell shot through the thigh at a short distance from the King. Upon inquiry, it was discovered that a soldier had inadvertently used a ball cartridge. In the evening of the same day, James Hatfield attempted to shoot His Majesty, during the performances at Drury Lane Theatre. Referring to the latter incident, Lord Grenville wrote:—“The King's behaviour on the occasion was in the highest degree firm, manly, and composed; and that of the audience was everything that could be wished.” Considering the prospect before the nation, we can fully understand his Lordship's ejaculation in the same letter:—“What a horrible thing it is to think of the danger we have run, and to reflect that we are every day exposed to the same peril, both from wickedness and madness.”

From these momentous and world-important events we are now brought to the “little pickings” of Mr. Thomas Grenville, a gentleman in whom the family characteristic of care for Number One does not seem to have in any degree fallen off. In July he writes to the Marquis that “William (that is Lord Grenville) has concluded with Pitt for my succeeding Lord Sydney in the Chief Justiceship of Eyre.” Concerning the value of the place, he adds:—“If it is given for life, it really becomes a considerable object, although, in truth, I know little or nothing of its real value, more than that I believe it to be from 1600*l.* to 1800*l.* per annum.” A fortnight afterwards he writes that “Pitt has received a favourable answer from the King as to the tenure of the office;” and eventually this little matter was concluded to Mr. Tom Grenville's entire satisfaction. The following extract from a letter written by the New Chief Justice in Eyre to the Marquis of Buckingham, about four years after his appointment, may serve to illustrate the admirable impartiality with which he discharged his onerous duties.

My dearest Brother—Upon my arrival here from the lakes, I found a letter from the Secretary in Eyre, to tell me that a Mr. Backhouse, who has purchased a considerable estate in Epping Forest, is a petitioner for a licence to sport there. Before I send an answer, I should be glad to know what your wishes may be, as I understand this gentleman claims acquaintance with the family, and therefore probably will turn out to be your Aylesbury neighbour. If it is to be given, perhaps it would be desirable that you should make a favour of giving it to him, and write him word so. If he is an enemy, there is no necessity for noticing it further. I, therefore, wait for a line from you, directed to Charles-street, to know what to do with Mr. Backhouse.

Whether poor Mr. Backhouse did not turn out to be “an enemy,” does not appear. Let us

hope he got his sporting. This Mr. Tom Grenville does not seem to have been a man of very sound views upon political economy, if we may judge by his letters written during the internal complications which always follow the outbreak of an expensive war. Increased taxation, high prices, and low wages were exercising their usual effect, and the working classes were involved in intense distress. The Marquis of Buckingham and Thomas Grenville seem to have in favour of fixing a minimum of wages by law; for the latter, in a letter intended to give in his adhesion to the opinions of the Marquis, thus expresses himself:—“My own opinion is strongly inclined to the measure of increasing the wages of the labourer, instead of supplying the deficiency of them by a misapplication of the poor's rates.” Lord Grenville, however, appears to have objected “vehemently to any other measure respecting the wages of labour, except that of endeavouring to raise them by personal example.” It is not difficult to determine now whose views were the soundest; for all experience revolts against the idea of interfering by legislative enactment with the price of labour. Lord Grenville's own expression of his views upon this subject is so clear and sound that we cannot resist the temptation of quoting it:—

If you fix a minimum for the price of labour, I am at a loss to conceive how you can refuse to fix a maximum for the sale of what that labour produces. My steady persuasion is that example, and (at the very utmost) the execution of the subsisting laws, can alone remedy the evil, which laws and the introduction of an artificial system have created, and which new laws and a system still more forced can only increase.

We now pass on to March 1803, when we find the aspect of affairs growing very dark in the direction of France. Bonaparte is trying either to bully or wheedle our ambassador, Lord Whitworth, out of possession of Malta. Lord Grenville writes to his brother an account of the interview between the First Consul and our Ambassador.

He goes there, and finds his Serenity in a most foaming passion; and, in a tirade rather than a conversation of two hours, is told that the Consul is determined we shall not stay any longer in Malta; that he had rather see us in the Faubourg St. Antoine than in Malta; that our object is to keep him out of Egypt; that he will have Egypt; that the French Republic must have Egypt, and will have it, either by force or by an arrangement with the Porte. That, if we will be quiet and go out of Malta, he does not want to go to war with us. Absolute master of forty-eight millions of men, he has much to lose and nothing to gain by war; but, if we refuse, he will make a war of extermination against us. He will put himself at the head of his army and invade us; and, though he may lose all his ships, his enterprise will succeed. I cannot remember half the extravagances that accompanied all this; but I give you the essential part.

What the intentions of Bonaparte at this time were cannot be very doubtful. In appointing consuls to the different ports in this island, he selected men who, instead of possessing the usual qualifications, were discovered to be military men, mostly engineers, and these persons were charged to take plans and make such surveys as might be useful in case of an invasion. As soon as this was discovered, the English Government sent these pretended consuls home again with great dispatch. There can be no doubt also, despite the assurances of M. Thiers, Bonaparte had at this time his eye upon British India. It was for this purpose alone that he wanted Egypt, which he rightly regarded as the key to India. With this prospect before them the English Ministry were acting in a manner closely resembling the conduct of another and a later ministry at an equally threatening juncture. Lord Grenville, commenting upon the conduct of Mr. Addington and his colleagues, remarks that “Government hardly know what they are themselves about;” and accounts for the extreme backwardness of their preparations for the war by stating that “their object evidently was to shuffle the thing off as long as they could, and to avoid to the last moment the necessity of taking any decision about it. It is painful (continues Lord Grenville) to be penned up like sheep in a fold, under the management of half-a-dozen men whose incapacity for the most ordinary affairs all the world acknowledges, and to know that we have no other resource against the destruction which is preparing for us but in their wisdom.” Change 1803 into 1855, and that sentence might have been written by many a living Peer—by Lord Lyndhurst, for instance. But, happily for the country at that imminent crisis of its fate, the sole remedy for these evils was at once

adopted; the Addington ministry fell, and Mr. Pitt came again into power. Where is Pitt now?

The energies of the nation were now taxed to their fullest extent; and, enthusiasm once roused, little difficulty was experienced in providing for the efficient defence of the country. The militia was soon brought into a state of thorough discipline, and the volunteer associations (a most important feature in our national defences, which modern statesmen have thought it right to discountenance) amounted to no less than 300,000 men, "well equipped, and admirably adapted for home service." The regular naval and military forces of the kingdom were then estimated at 615,000 men. If we contrast this with the present state of things, we shall find little reason to boast of modern patriotism or modern resources.

But though the ministry now was getting stronger, and the spirit of the people roused, the poor old King was fast sinking into a condition of helpless incapacity. In January 1805 Mr. Thomas Grenville communicates to the Marquis of Buckingham the interesting intelligence that the King's speech was to be printed, "for him to read it better, and he is to wear spectacles, and it is said that he will be dressed in a large tie-wig." The coalition between Pitt and Lord Sidmouth was now in power, and the year 1805 was most eventful for the nation. On the 11th of April the treaty between England and Russia was signed at St. Petersburg, whereby the Emperor of Russia combined with the King of England to repress the aggressive policy of France. In July, Napoleon (now Emperor) reviewed 100,000 men at Boulogne, and prepared for his threatened invasion of our coasts. "If we are masters of the Channel (wrote he to Admiral Decrès) for two hours, England has lived its time." To accomplish this, he attempted to form a mighty naval combination—a design penetrated by Collingwood and frustrated by Nelson, whose splendid victory at Trafalgar, when he annihilated the combined armaments of France and Spain, at once saved his country and baffled the hopes of Napoleon. Never was England in such peril as during this year—never did she emerge more gloriously from her difficulties.

If we at the present day have one cause for regret more conspicuous than another, it is that the wisdom of our rulers has prevented us from reaping any advantage from the martial superiority then evoked from the nation. Lord Grenville, with marvellous foresight and sagacity, predicted the inevitable results of neglect in this respect. During the debate upon the Training Bill, on the 11th of July 1806, he uttered these remarkable words: "Whenever peace shall come, we must keep up such an armed force as the Bill provides, by which we shall lay down a permanent system, and be at all times an armed nation—the only means by which we can preserve ourselves from surprise, and continue great and prosperous."

The extraordinary appositeness to passing events of many passages in this work we have before referred to, but the following extract from one of Thomas Grenville's letters to the Marquis is very curious.

The Russians have enough to do against Bonaparte; there seem to have been two very bloody actions on the 6th and 8th, in which I think it appears that the French had an advantage; but the Russians fight like tigers, and the French cannot afford the daily loss of these constantly bloody engagements. The Russians neither give nor take quarter, and I have seen a letter from a French officer at Hamburg, who says that in the battle of the 6th, where he was wounded, 6000 Russians broke in upon a body of 14,000 French cavalry; and, though with great loss, the Russians so broke them that they could not rally again the whole day.

This lasting power of Russian numbers we now experience to our cost.

About August 1808 comes the first hint of the ill-fated Walcheren expedition, in a letter from Lord Temple to the Marquis:—"Do they suppose," says he, "that the French will quietly leave them in possession (if they get possession) of the Isle of Walcheren, separated as it is from the main, only by a very narrow channel, and unsupported as our troops will be?" In July 1809 Mr. Thomas Grenville writes that the expedition has set out, and adds that if the Austrian peace prevents the consummation of such a folly we shall have ample reason to rejoice at it. In August the bad news came, casting a gloom over the public mind and accelerating the mental indisposition of the King. Mr. Fremantle writes to the Marquis of Buckingham:—"All the private accounts from Walcheren speak of the ultimate object of

destroying the shipping, as quite hopeless. . . . The total want of arrangement, of information, of common precaution, on the part of our Ministers, in the whole of this most extravagant and boasted expedition, is not to be credited, and would have rendered the abilities of the ablest general in Europe, or that ever did exist in Europe, abortive."

When the mischief was done, a Committee of Inquiry was appointed; and we would recommend the following summary of the evidence adduced before it to the consideration of those who have studied the proceedings of Mr. Roebuck's Committee. It is from the pen of Lord Temple.

The examinations, as far as they have gone, are decidedly hostile to Ministers. The Commander-in-chief, never consulted upon the whole of the expedition, desired to give his opinion upon the practicability of an attack upon Antwerp, gives in a memoir, in which he discusses two modes, one by land from Blend, &c., and the other by a combined movement up the Scheldt—the former he represents as impracticable, the latter as most hazardous. The project of the expedition never laid before him in detail; the force of the enemy likely to be opposed to the British force at no time stated to him; no information in any of the offices within his knowledge of the present state of the fortifications of Antwerp; never saw any plan of them. . . . Under no circumstances could Antwerp be taken by a coup-de-main. . . . The Physician-General never was consulted about the Walcheren fever until the 10th of September; never knew when the expedition was going; had not, therefore, the opportunity of making that medical provision which he would have made had he known where it was going.

Who shall say after this that anything is new beneath the sun? The omen is inauspicious.

It was at this time also that our disasters in Spain were at their height: the army under Sir John Moore was in full retreat, panic-stricken and disorganised, before an overwhelming French force, and the Emperor (never negligent of an advantage) was pouring fresh legions into the Peninsula. The death of Moore and the loss of 4000 men at length awakened the ministers to the necessity of finding a man fit to meet the emergency; yet even then it required the exertion of no ordinary influence to persuade them to send Sir Arthur Wellesley into Portugal, where the passage of the Douro and the battle of Talavera soon rehabilitated the glory of the British arms. Whilst mentioning his name we shall take occasion to quote a very characteristic letter from him to the Marquis of Buckingham, dated from Castano, December 7, 1810. At that time he was Lord Wellington.

My dear Lord,—I received your letter of the 27th of October, for which I am much obliged to you. It will always give me the greatest satisfaction to receive your approbation; and I trust that you will approve of the caution with which I have contrived to carry on my operations to the present day. Indeed, the caution of my opponent renders caution on my part doubly necessary, considering that I am at the head of the only army remaining in the Peninsula—or, I believe, in Europe—that is capable and willing to contend with the French. I am under no apprehensions of the result of an action, for I'll take care not to fight one, unless I can choose the ground for it. My opponent seems to have come to the same determination; but I hope before long, if the weather will hold up so as to enable me to use the cross-roads, that I shall dislodge him by the operations of the peasantry and the light troops. You can have no idea of the superiority we have assumed over this once formidable army, and the confidence which we all feel that we shall yet save this country from the general wreck.

But while the army was winning its laurels abroad, the scandalous jobbery connected with the system of promotion, pushed to excess by the Duke of York and his infamous mistresses, was covering it with dishonour at home. Mrs. Clarke, after pocketing many a douceur for having consented to be the means of furthering the interests of gallant officers, turned round suddenly and denounced the system. It is true that the character of the witness, and her own confession that she was paid for bringing the charge, are circumstances which tend to throw discredit upon her story; but the collected evidence is much too strong to induce us to entertain a doubt but that the corruption then prevalent was both shocking and notorious.

The present collection of correspondence closes with the year 1810. Abroad our arms were most successful. At home, public attention was occupied by the condition of the King, which had become so serious that it was found necessary to place him in seclusion, and make the Prince of Wales Regent. From that time forth George III. ceased to exercise any function of the kingly office.

The 2nd volume of Mr. Walter K. Kelly's *History of Russia from the Earliest Period to the Present Time*, appears in "Bohn's Standard Library." Mr. Kelly avows that it is only a compilation from other works, including those of Karamsin, Tooke, and Segur, and as such only can it be fairly judged. It was suggested, doubtless, by the war, and there has not been time for the production of anything more than a compilation, whatever pretences others might have put forth to originality. To us it is a recommendation of Mr. Kelly's history that he does not attempt to pass it for more than it is; that he tells us candidly that his office has been little more than editorial, cutting out, pasting together, and supplying links and gaps. As such, however, it deserves all commendation, and beyond measure it is the best history of Russia we have, or likely to have for a long time to come. It is cleverly put together, so that only a very critical eye can discover the joinings.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton. By SIR DAVID BREWSTER, K.H., A.M., &c. &c. In 2 vols. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable and Co. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1855.

THE life of a distinguished philosopher by a distinguished philosopher is, on many accounts, of all literary productions the most interesting and the most valuable. Not only is the biographer in such a case especially qualified to appreciate the importance and to explain the nature of the discoveries effected by his predecessor; but what imparts peculiar value to his narrative is that he is able also to estimate the difficulties which beset the career of his hero, and the magnitude of the conquests over them which he achieved. When, however, the subject of the memoir is of the rank of Newton in the world of science,—the stupendous nature of whose discoveries all succeeding time, and all the philosophers who have come after him, agree in testifying,—the undertaking is one of paramount importance, and of universal interest. In the work before us we have not merely a history of the life and an account of the successive discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton; but what is of still greater interest and of greater value—and what a man of the attainments of Sir David Brewster alone could effect,—the progress of his mind and the advancement of his discoveries are here traced contemporaneously together, and the circumstances operating upon each are investigated and developed.

The birth-place of Sir Isaac Newton was the Manor-house of Woolsthorpe, near Grantham, in Lincolnshire. He was born on the 25th of December, 1642, the same year in which Galileo died. While an infant, "so apparently feeble was his constitution, that two women who were sent to Lady Pakenham's, to obtain for him some tonic medicine, did not expect to find him alive on their return." At twelve he was sent to the public school at Grantham, where, for a time, "he was extremely inattentive to his studies, and stood very low in the school." Subsequently, however, he appears to have exerted himself, and eventually rose to the highest place in that seminary. Indeed, his idleness is attributed to the occupation of his mind with subjects of higher interest. He soon exhibited a taste for mechanical inventions, and constructed a water-clock, and a carriage to be moved by the person who sat in it. "Sir Isaac himself told Mr. Conduit that one of the earliest scientific (atmospheric) experiments which he made, was in 1658, on the day of the great storm, when Cromwell died, and when he himself had just entered into his sixteenth year." He is at this time described as "a sober, silent, and thinking lad, who never took part in the games and amusements of his school-fellows, but employed all his leisure hours in knocking and hammering in his lodging-room." Poetry, or rather verse making, appears to have been at this time also attempted by him. At fifteen he was removed from school, being intended by his mother for a grazier, and for a short time attended the neighbouring markets. As might, however, have been anticipated, with his tastes and habits, his management of the business was the reverse of prosperous, and he was shortly sent back to school, where he remained for nine months, when it was arranged that he should proceed to Cambridge at the approaching term—which he accordingly did, in June 1661. On his departure from the school, he was held up by the master to the other scholars as a proper object of their love and imitation.

Newton is, nevertheless, remarked to have

"brought with him to Cambridge a more slender portion of science than at his age falls to the lot of ordinary scholars." But, as is afterwards observed, this state of his acquirements, unexhausted by premature growth, was not unfavourable to the future development and maturity of his powers. He entered Trinity College as a sizar, and shortly entered on the study of Kepler's Optics, and Des Cartes's Geometry, the latter of which "seems to have inspired Newton with a love of the subject, and to have introduced him to the higher mathematics." In 1664 he was elected a Scholar of his college, and during this year his health was rather impaired by the devotion of his mind to abstract studies, and his long-continued observations upon a comet. In 1665 he left Cambridge for a time on account of the plague, and retired to Woolsthorpe, and it is here, while sitting in his orchard, that the apple is said to have fallen from the tree, and suggested to Newton the idea of gravity. We are glad to find that Sir David Brewster has not discarded this story, which he omitted from his biography of Newton in the "Family Library," as, even should it fail to be positively substantiated, it affords so excellent an illustration of the *modus operandi* of the mind of the great philosopher, ever intent on its pursuits, and at watch constantly to turn to account every available incident. The apple-tree was in existence in 1814, but was so much decayed in 1820, that it was taken down, and the wood of it carefully preserved. The following description, written many years ago, is afforded in a subsequent part of the memoir, of

SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S HOUSE AT WOOLSTHORPE.

It is built of stone, as is the way of the country hereabouts, and a reasonable good one. They led me upstairs and showed me Sir Isaac's study, where I suppose he studied when in the country in his younger days, or perhaps when he visited his mother from the University. I observed the shelves were of his own making, being pieces of deal boxes, which, probably, he sent his books and clothes down in on these occasions: (vol. ii. p. 415.)

On Newton's return to Cambridge, on the disappearance of the plague in 1667, he was elected Minor Fellow of Trinity College, and "an apartment, called the 'Spiritual Chamber,' assigned to him by the Master"—a locality supposed to be the ground room next the chapel. This year in his journal he "records his jovial expenses, not only on the occasion of his taking his two degrees, but at the tavern several other times. He acknowledges his having lost at cards twice; but this is compensated by his liberality to his cousin Ayscough, on whom, and other acquaintance, he spent considerable sums." His chemical studies he commenced about this time, and we are told that "his mind was impressed with some belief in the doctrines of alchemy, and he certainly pursued his experiments to a late period of his life, with the hope of effecting some valuable transmutations." In 1669, Dr. Barrow resigned the Lucasian Professorship of Mathematics in favour of Newton. His optical discoveries, as also his contrivances for the construction of telescopes, are described in chap. 5, and some of the following chapters, and are compared with those of his predecessors and successors. The virulence with which some of his discoveries were assailed and criticised appears extraordinary; but such has been the ordinary fate of new systems and original theories in philosophy. So harassing, indeed, to him, were these discussions, that he at one time came to the resolution of resigning his place in the Royal Society. In fact, so serious was the annoyance occasioned to him by some of the attacks upon his discoveries, that he even regretted having communicated them to the world. In some instances, perhaps, he afforded hints to disingenuous rivals, which were unfairly availed of to forestall his own inventions. Probably, in each of these cases, the more original and the more valuable was the discovery which he brought to light, the more vehement were the denunciations hurled against it, and which served more than anything to mark its importance. At this time also the narrowness of his means impeded many of his operations, which were attended with necessary expense. Nevertheless, the noble and truly philosophic character of his mind is nowhere more fully evinced than in the tone of his letters written at this period, especially those which passed between himself and Hooke, and Locke. In one of his letters to Hooke, he says, with equal modesty and good feeling:

There is nothing which I desire to avoid in matters of philosophy more than contention, nor any

kind of contention more than one in print. . . . What Des Cartes did [in the way of discovery] was a good step; you have added much several ways. If I have seen further, it is by standing on the shoulders of giants.

In 1679 he corresponded with Robert Boyle on the subject of chemistry, and a valuable epitome of his optical discoveries will be found in the first volume of Sir David Brewster's work, extending over several chapters, but which is of too exclusively scientific a character, and abounds too much in technical details, for the general reader. An account next follows of his great and important astronomical labours and discoveries, embracing a review of the state of science anterior to his time, and of what his predecessors had done to prepare the way for him. During the years 1685 and 1686 he composed the "Principia," by which his name has been for ever immortalised, and gave it to the world in 1687. The manuscript of this work, we are told, is still in the possession of the Royal Society. As might have been expected, its publication excited a warm interest in every part of Europe. A copy of the "Principia" could hardly be procured in 1691, and at that time an improved edition was in contemplation. Newton himself, though pressed by his friends, refused to undertake it; but in 1694 resumed the study of the lunar and planetary theories, with the view of rendering more perfect a new edition of the book. A copy of the "Principia" was presented to the King by Halley, accompanied with a paper giving a general account of the work. Dr. Bentley, the Master of Trinity College, for a long time urged Newton to give his consent to the republication of the "Principia;" and in the middle of 1708 he succeeded in prevailing upon him to intrust the superintendence of it to a young mathematician of great promise, Roger Cotes, Fellow of Trinity College, who had been recently appointed Professor of Astronomy and Experimental Philosophy. The printing of it was not finished until March 1713, and on the 27th of July Newton himself presented a copy of it to the Queen. Strange and unaccountable, however, it seems, that he should prefer and even venture to intrust its superintendence and revision to other hands. Our author observes that we must admit the truth of the remark of Voltaire, "that, though Newton survived the publication of the 'Principia' more than forty years, yet at the time of his death he had not above twenty followers in England." But so has it ever been with the progress of grand new discoveries, of whatever kind; and the theories of Bacon and Locke only by slow degrees obtained the sanction of the world. A small impression merely of the second edition of the work was printed, but was quickly sold, and was reprinted at Amsterdam in 1713. In 1720, towards the close of his career, we find Newton himself proceeding with the third edition of it, for which he had been long making preparation; and the services of Dr. Henry Pemberton were secured for the purpose, who appears to have been in every way well qualified for the task. The printing of the new edition was commenced either at the end of 1723 or the beginning of 1724, and was not finished until February 1726. A masterly analytical account of this stupendous performance will be found in these memoirs. The most complete and successful attempt to make the "Principia" accessible to those who are little skilled in mathematical science, Sir David Brewster informs us, has been made by Lord Brougham in his admirable analysis of that work, which forms the greater part of the second volume of his edition of Paley's "Natural Theology." On the inflexion of light, too, we are told that "the most recent experiments have been made by Lord Brougham," who investigated the subject as early as 1796.

While, however, we coincide with Sir David Brewster as regards all that he has said on the merits and on the importance of Newton's great work, and correspondingly great discoveries, we cannot but condemn the disposition which he evinces to depreciate the value of other branches of philosophy, and the efforts which have been made by other great philosophers. He tells us that

Over the invisible world man has received no commission to reign, and into its secrets he has no authority to pry. It is over the material and the visible that he has to sway the intellectual sceptre; it is amongst the structures of organic and inorganic being that his functions of combination and analysis are to be chiefly exercised: (vol. i. p. 66.)

However the study of material subjects may have led Sir David Brewster to contemn all that does not appertain to matter, yet we trust that in the intellectual as well as in the visible world, in the science of mind as well as in that of matter, the discoveries of our philosophers will yet be far extended; and we would fain hope that a Newton in this latter branch may eventually arise among us. Bacon and Locke, too, appear to be both very unfairly and very unnecessarily depreciated by Sir David Brewster. "The process of Lord Bacon," we are informed, "was, we believe, never tried by any philosopher but himself." And his experiments on the subject of heat are here characterised as "an example of the application of his system, which will remain to future ages as a memorable instance of the absurdity of attempting to fetter discovery by any artificial rules:" (vol. ii. p. 404). In another part we are assured that Newton owed nothing to Bacon. Of Locke, we are told that Newton took considerable pains to explain to him certain of his propositions by a more popular demonstration than was contained in the "Principia;" but, adds our author sneeringly, "there can be no doubt that, even in their present modified form, they were beyond the capacity of Mr. Locke:" (vol. i. p. 340.) The value of Bacon as a philosopher must be estimated not, as in the case of Newton, by the actual discoveries which he made, but by the system of philosophising which he established, and, still more than all, by the erroneous systems which he overthrew. As regards this, it is impossible to determine how much even Newton may have owed to Bacon, who cleared the way for him, and prepared the ground for his operations. In the science of mind, Locke followed a more sublime and more exalted pursuit than did even Newton, although his discoveries were not correspondingly magnificent. If, however, we compare the two minds, as regards their depth of reasoning and origination power, when both were engaged on the same subject—the highest about which the mind can be occupied, and the fittest to call forth their mental energies—and contrast with the *Scholium generale* at the end of the "Principia," wherein Newton treats on the nature of the Supreme Being, Locke's chapter in the Essay on the Understanding "On our knowledge of the Existence of God"—the superiority of Locke, both in reasoning power and in original thought, can hardly be denied. The labours of all these great men serve, nevertheless, fully to illustrate how comparatively little can be achieved by one mind alone, and how much each depends on the other for effecting any real progression in the world of sciences. The inculcation of sound theories in philosophical investigation is oftentimes, nay, ordinarily, far more valuable than original discovery. By the former all may profit; the benefits of the latter are reaped by only a few.

But we are progressing beyond our due limits, and must defer until our next number following up the career of the illustrious subject of this memoir to its close. The following extracts will be found interesting, as illustrative of the domestic habits and manner of the great philosopher:

NEWTON'S ROOMS AT CAMBRIDGE.

The chamber which was allotted to him as a Fellow [of Trinity] in October 1667 was called the "Spiritual Chamber," which Mr. Edleston conjectures may have been "the ground next the chapel in the north-east corner of the great court;" but, as he adds, "it does not follow that he actually dwelt there," as it might have been occupied by a tenant. The rooms in which Newton lived from the year 1682 till he left Cambridge are in the north-east corner of the great court. They are in the first floor of the staircase on the right hand, or to the north of the gateway or principal entrance to the college, the outward door fronting the staircase, and the rooms being to the right. His laboratory, as Dr. Humphrey Newton tells us, was "on the left end of the garden, near the east end of the chapel;" and his telescope, which, according to the same authority, was five feet long, was placed at the head of the stairs, going down into the garden, looking towards the east: (vol. ii. p. 85.)

HIS ABSENCE OF MIND.

I have heard my father often say that he has been a witness of what the world has so often heard of Sir Isaac's forgetfulness of his food when intent upon his studies; and of his rising in a pleasant manner with the satisfaction of having found out some proposition, without any concern for a seeming want of his night's sleep, which he was sensible he had lost thereby. He was turning grey, I think at thirty; and when my father observed that to him as the effect of his deep attention of mind, he would jest with the experiments he made so often with quicksilver, as if from hence he took so soon that colour: (vol. ii. p. 85.)

RELIGION.

How few books, we have often thought, would there be written upon exalted subjects were every one to shrink from approaching them through an overwhelming consciousness of their sublimity. Some, indeed, are of so transcendent a nature that there would be no intercommunication whatever between man and man respecting them, were we all to agree that they are beyond our finite understanding. But it is a property of the human mind not to be daunted even by the incomprehensible and ineffable. Take the highest of all—God himself—for “who by searching can find out God, who can find out the Almighty to perfection?” And yet we find that even in old heathen times there were those who not only, like eagles looking at the sun, ventured to occupy themselves with the contemplation of Deity himself, but communicated to their fellow-mortals some of their speculations as to his nature and attributes. It would be strange, therefore, if zealous Christians, having before them “the more sure word of prophecy,” in which they are invited by God himself to study what he has there revealed about his Almighty power, goodness, truth, justice, and other attributes, should not apply themselves with all earnestness, but at the same time with all reverence, to the task. It is with a due sense, we are happy to perceive, of the greatness of the subject that the following work has been written: *On the Sovereignty of God*. By the Rev. JOHN BOYD, Minister of the Presbyterian Church, Moyrore (Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter). Mr. Boyd, in speaking of his undertaking, observes well—“The subject of the following treatise, the *Sovereignty of God*, is too sublime to admit of adequate conception by the human mind, or expression by human language. Yet its difficulties should not discourage, when the value of even an imperfect knowledge is so vast; for that little that may be known of God, especially as he is revealed in Christ, is pronounced by a competent judge to be *life eternal*. Exalted angelic intellect studies the greatness of God with endless rapture and adoration. Is the theme too low for man? or, has man become too low for the theme? In our discourse we have kept within the bounds where reason has a firm footing, and revelation gives its light. We have endeavoured to set forth those truths that humble man, and are fitted to communicate elevated thoughts of the majesty and grace of God. We have cautiously avoided thorny controversies on questions that admit of no solution in time, which distract the mind, and cannot profit.” In the course of his work Mr. Boyd adheres strictly to the promise made at its commencement. He is a divine of the Jonathan Edwards school; not possessing, indeed, the subtle intellect of that great writer, but far more easy of comprehension by the ordinary reader. His treatise is both solid, well argued, and well-arranged; and will, we doubt not, be received as a welcome addition to our popular theology.

We are happy to meet again with the author of “*Manna in the House*,” a series of familiar expositions of the Four Gospels. The new work by this author is entitled *Manna in the Heart; or, Daily Comments on the Book of Psalms, adapted for the use of Families*. By the Rev. BARTON BOUCHIER, A.M., Curate of Cheam, Surrey. (London: Shaw). This work is distinguished by the same earnestness, simplicity, and devotional feeling that characterised the writer's previous publications. In point of style it is, perhaps, superior to them. The present volume embraces only the first seventy-eight Psalms, the remainder being promised at the commencement of next year.

Dr. CUMMING continues his *Sabbath Evening Readings on the New Testament* (London: Hall, Virtue, and Co.).—The subject of his new volume is the Gospel according to Saint John. Both in substance and style it strongly resembles its predecessors, and so does not seem to demand any extended notice. Having had occasion, however, oftener than once, to point out some of the Doctor's blunders, we cannot help admiring the good nature with which he takes it. “The lecturer,” he says, “makes no pretension to originality. He gives these Readings as they fell from his lips in the pulpit, not for the information of scholars, or critics, or theologians, but for the edification of plain Christians, the instruction of ordinary families, schools, and classes. No doubt mistakes will be found; but, instead of taking offence at any one pointing them out, he will rather be more thankful.” May we suggest to the author that, since he writes professionally for “the edification of plain Christians, the instruction of ordinary families, schools, and classes,” the fewer number of mistakes he is guilty of the better, since the audience he addresses must be less capable of guarding against them than is the case with the “scholars, critics, and theologians,” to whom he alludes. We say this in a friendly spirit, because, having a high admiration for Dr. Cumming's abilities, we wish to see them turned to the best possible account.

Job: a Course of Lectures preached in the Parish Church of St. James's, Westminster, on the Fridays in Lent, A.D. 1855. By JOHN EDWARD KEMPE, M.A., Rector of St. James's. (London: Skeffington).—These lectures are deserving of a careful perusal, as the result of an attentive study by a competent person of a part of Scripture often brought under dis-

cussion. “There is no book in the Sacred Canon,” says Mr. Kempe, “about which so many questions have been raised as about this which is now to engage us. Who and what Job was; or whether he were a real person at all—if he was, when he lived, and in what place, that is, what was the actual situation of the country called the ‘land of Uz’—to what race he belonged, and what was his nominal religion—who was the author of the book which bears his name—to what date its composition is to be ascribed; whether to one as early as two centuries before the time of Abraham, or as late as after the return from the Babylonish captivity—whether the whole of it is of the same period, or part of an earlier, and part of a more recent date—what is the main drift and design of it—all these points have been, from time to time, discussed, and can scarcely any of them be considered as satisfactorily decided.” By some the entire book is regarded as an allegory; others look upon it as a sublime poetical composition, resting upon a slender basis of fact. In whatever light we regard it, Mr. Kempe contends that there is no doubt of its being a portion of God's word, and one that abounds with comfort and instruction to God's people. Mr. Kempe's lectures are six in number, and are headed, respectively, as follows:—1. “Introduction—Job's circumstances and character.” 2. “Job's first trial.” 3. “Job's second trial.” 4. “Job's friends.” 5. “Job's restoration.” 6. “The relation of the book to Christ—Practical application.” Each of these lectures is valuable by itself, and as a series they form a sound, practical exposition of this part of Scripture.

Sermons preached at Trinity Chapel, Brighton. By the late Rev. FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON, M.A., the Incumbent. (London: Smith, Elder, and Co.).—Judging from the tone and character of these sermons, we must conclude that the congregation at Brighton, before whom they were delivered, felt many a bitter pang when deprived by death of the ministrations of such a preacher as Mr. Robertson. It has rarely been our lot to read anything so touchingly eloquent. And yet only a single sermon of the twenty-one in this volume was ever prepared by the writer for publication. “These are not notes,” says the editor, “previously prepared, nor are they sermons written before delivery. They are, as their name expresses, simply *Recollections*: sometimes dictated by the preacher himself to the younger members of a family in which he was interested, at their urgent entreaty; sometimes written out by himself for them, when they were at a distance and unable to attend his ministry. They have been carefully preserved, and are now published without corrections or additions, just as they were found.” In Mr. Robertson's sermons, we must observe that there is not only eloquence, but originality; so much so, that we must make room for at least one specimen. In his sermon entitled “*Triumph over Hindrances*,” he writes as follows:—“It is in this entire and perfect sympathy with all humanity, that the heart of Jesus differs from every other heart that is found among the sons of men. And it is this—oh! it is this, which is the chief blessedness of having such a Saviour. If you are poor, you can only get a miserable sympathy from the rich; with the best intentions, they cannot understand you. Their sympathy is awkward. If you are in pain, it is only a factitious and constrained sympathy you get from those in health; feelings forced, adopted kindly, but imperfect still. They sit, when the regular condolence is done, beside you, conversing on topics with each other that jar upon your ear. They sympathise? miserable comforters are they all. If you are miserable and tell out your grief, you have the shame of feeling that you are not understood; that you have bared your inner self to a rude gaze. If you are in doubt, you cannot tell your doubts to religious people; no, not even to the ministers of Christ, for they have no place for doubts in their largest system. They ask—what right have you to doubt? They suspect your character: they shake the head, and whisper it about gravely that you read strange books—that you are verging on infidelity. If you are depressed with guilt, to whom shall you tell out your tale of shame? The Confessional, with its innumerable evils, and yet indisputably soothing power, is passed away; but there is nothing to supply its place. You cannot speak to your brother man, for you injure him by doing so, or else weaken yourself. You cannot tell it to society, for society judges in the gross by general rules, and cannot take into account the delicate differences of transgression. It banishes the frail penitent, and does homage to the daring hard transgressor. Then it is that, repulsed on all sides, and lonely, we turn to Him whose mighty heart understands and feels all. ‘Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.’ And then it is that, exactly like Zaccheus, misunderstood, suspected by the world, suspected by our own hearts, the very voice of God apparently against us, isolated and apart, we speak to Him from the loneliness of the sycamore tree, heart to heart, and pulse to pulse: ‘Lord, Thou knowest all things;’ ‘Thou knowest my secret charities, and my untold self-denials;’ ‘Thou knowest that I love thee!’ There is so much truth and eloquence in this passage that we make no apology for having placed it at length before our readers.

The Scottish Psalm and Tune Book (Edinburgh:

Paton and Ritchie) is a work which the publishers can scarcely expect will have much circulation this side the Tweed. To students of poetry we most assuredly cannot recommend it. The verse is even more rugged and doggerel than our own Tate and Brady's—perhaps we should have said Sternhold and Hopkins. As to its appearance, however, it is very elegantly got up, and does much credit in that way to all concerned in its publication.

The Philosophy of the Cross; or, Christ as Man. By HENRY G. COOPER (Grantham and London)—is a little treatise written principally for the purpose of showing the reasonableness of a belief in Christianity, without insisting upon the kind of proof that amounts to absolute demonstration. The writer is not a Unitarian, although the title of his work almost leads one to infer as much.

We shall conclude by directing the reader's attention to an admirable *exposé* of the writings of Saint Alfonso de Liguori. This is entitled *Moral Theology of the Church of Rome*. No. 1. *S. Alfonso de Liguori's Theory of Truthfulness*. (London: J. and C. Mozley.) This is an able article, reprinted from “*The Christian Remembrancer*” for January 1854, with an Appendix, in which the author replies to some remarks in the “*Dublin Review*” and “*Rambler*.”

The Future Destinies of the Heavenly Bodies, by Henry Drummond, is a discourse to prove that, inasmuch as this globe cannot contain an infinite and indefinite number of human beings upon it, other localities must be found for some; but whether it will be the good or bad who will be removed to other spheres we have no light either from revelation or philosophy.

The 4th volume of the *Select Works of Dr. Chalmers* contains fifty-four of his best sermons, of which no more need be said than that they are to be procured at a small price, to command many buyers.

FICTION.

The Cousins. London: Nisbet and Co. 1855. THERE is—and, in many instances, most justly—a loud outcry against what are commonly called “religious novels.” The very title is anomalous, and the books themselves frequently bear it out, in the very frothy sentimentalism which, under the name of religious principles, pervades such works.

Still, however, there are exceptions to this rule; and we think that a little work lately brought out by Messrs. Nisbet & Co., under the name of “*The Cousins*” (the production, we believe, of a lady), may be safely included among these.

Against this tale the *Athenæum* recently vented its indignation, in terms which we must beg to say we cannot consider justified, either by the narrative itself, or the tone which pervades it.

This condemnatory notice commences by at once putting the story aside, as one to be kept “out of the hands of any young person in whose education we took any interest;” its crying sin being, in the eyes of the *Athenæum*, that, in the person of Miss Mary Melville, disobedience to parental authority is encouraged and inculcated. The fact, in a few words, is simply this: the mother of this young lady is represented as entirely devoted to a gay and worldly life; she strives to induce her daughter to plunge into the same vortex of dissipation, with a similar recklessness and ardour; the young girl respectfully but firmly declines to obey. Whether the character of Lady Sophia Melville be an extreme one or no, we will not now stop to inquire. The *Athenæum* takes exception to the principles of this little book, without entering much upon the question of its literary merits; and therefore our remarks must apply simply to the same point. The disobedience which our contemporary discovers then is, in the instance specially referred to, represented as being aggravated by artifice and cunning—with what justice, a very short explanation will show.

The words in the article to which we allude are these:—“The young lady dexterously avails herself of the differences between her parents, to obtain the permission from her father to have her own way.” Lady Sophia Melville had insisted upon her daughter accompanying her to the theatre, of which entertainments the book in question tells us, “Mary had attended them two or three times, but with increasing dislike; her taste and her principles were alike offended by the exhibitions she witnessed; and at length she felt that she must yield to her conviction that under no circumstances could she conscientiously enter into these amusements.” Having requested permission of her mother to remain at home, and

the request having produced an angry outbreak from Lady Sophia, overheard by Mr. Melville, he inquires what has led to it; and the result is, that he comes to the conclusion that, "if she did not like plays, she should be permitted to stay at home." Where is the dexterity with which the young lady in question increases her disobedience?

The other strictures which the *Athenæum* brings against the book are, we think, as devoid of foundation; and so far from being injurious in its tendency, or unfitted to be placed in the hands of young people, we consider that a perusal of this tale would serve to elevate the tone of religious feeling, and strengthen the moral principles, of any one into whose hands it may fall.

My Life; or, the Autobiography of a Village Curate, by Eliza A. Rance, is stated to be in substance the history of a good clergyman, under whose roof the authoress passed a considerable portion of her life. But it takes the shape of fiction, and must be treated as such. It is sweetly written.

Possibly many of our readers, who have grown up since it first made a noise in the world, may not know that the Rev. G. Croly is the author of a novel entitled *Salathiel*, founded on the legend of the Wandering Jew—a fiction glowing with imagination, gorgeous in eloquence, full of poetry, passion and pathos, and of absorbing interest. It excited an immense sensation at the time of its appearance, and passed rapidly through several editions. But it is one of the few fictions which outlives even popularity. It is of enduring worth, and will be read by this and future generations as eagerly and with as much enjoyment as by those to whom it was first presented. The reproduction of it in a new and revised form in a single volume, and at a price in accordance with the changed condition of literature and the taste for cheap books, will be heartily welcomed. It was due to the author and to the public that a work of true genius, such as this, should not be suffered to remain out of reach of the multitudes who have become readers since its time. Hurst and Blackett have done wisely to republish it in a single volume, handsomely printed; and in this form it will, doubtless, command a larger circulation than that of all the former editions together.

Another of Miss Wetherell's novels, *My Brother's Keeper*, is running the race of popularity, reprinted here by Messrs. Routledge. It has all the characteristics of her former fictions, vigour and spirit; but a tendency to coarseness, or rather the absence of refinement. Still there is stuff in it—a purpose and energy in the pursuit of it; and that is preferable to the namby-pamby of too many of our modern novels.

Mr. Alfred W. Cole has published a volume, entitled *The World in Light and Shade: its Comicalities and Eccentricities* (J. Blackwood).—Mr. Cole is one of those who look on the bright side of things; he prefers laughter to weeping, fun to melancholy; and he has written this volume purposely to exhibit life in its pleasanter aspects, and to show how even sorrow may be lightened by a cheerful disposition. It consists of a series of short tales or sketches, each depicting some phase of life or character—most of them of a humorous turn, all of them amusing, and with no small amount of instruction lurking under the laugh. We presume that they were written for some periodical, if they have not already appeared there.

Leila; or, the Siege of Granada, and *Calderon the Courtier*, are the two fictions composing the new volume of the collected works of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, published by Routledge.

From Boston we have received a tale entitled *Anna Clayton; or the Mother's Trial* (London: Low). It has great merit. The plot is good and it is written with great power. The author is not afraid to use language expressive of the feeling or idea he designs to convey, as is the foolish fashion with too many of our modern novelists, who seem to shrink from their own thoughts, and insinuate in soft phrases what they are too delicate to utter in plain words. If the new American school of fiction, fresh with the vigour of a new life, should banish this affectation from among us, we shall be greatly indebted to them. If the lesson is not learned, English novelists must expect to see themselves thrown into the shade by the superior energy of their Transatlantic rivals.

A little volume by Mr. G. H. Wall, entitled *The Emigrants' Lost Son; or Life alone in the Forests* (Routledge), suggested, of course, by Robinson Crusoe, is, nevertheless, not an imitation. It is deeply interesting, and instructs by showing the young reader how he may turn all the faculties of mind and body to account. It shows him, in fact, what he can do, if need be—a lesson which cannot be too much inculcated amid a civilisation whose tendency it is to make men helpless by accustoming them not to help themselves.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Clytemnestra, The Earl's Return, The Artist, and other Poems. By OWEN MEREDITH. London: Chapman and Hall.

How far an author who has assumed a pseudonym is entitled to have his veil respected by reviewers is perhaps a question. In this case, as it has reached us in no sort of confidence, but floating free on the air of general gossip, we see no harm in prefacing our notice of "Owen Meredith" with the remark that the poems published under that name are understood to be the production of Mr. Bulwer, son of the celebrated novelist. He is a young man of no common capacity, and awakens some speculation as to the future developments of his authorcraft; though, merely for its own sake, his volume is of no value in literature, except it be as a warning to other aspirants to beware how they permit admiration of a favourite poet to lead into a close and habitual imitation, amounting, indeed, to mimicry, of his peculiar turns of thought, language, and metre. Browning—that wonderful and singular minstrel—is "Owen Meredith's" idol; and his "Flight of the Duchess" has inspired the latter's composition entitled *The Earl's Return*, which, to illustrate from the sister art of music, is very much like a capriccio in the style of Beethoven by a clever amateur. Who does not in a moment recognise the old tune in these lines?

At moon-rise the land was suddenly brighter;
And thro' all its length and breadth the casement
Grew large with a luminous strange amazement;
And, as doubting in dreams what that sudden blaze meant,
The Lady's white face turn'd a thought whiter.

Yet there are unborrowed and forcible images scattered through the piece, which provoke us by indicating a power that seems as if it might have found a path for itself, instead of elaborately stepping in the footprints of a predecessor. Here is an example:

But oft, in the low West, the day
Smouldering sent up a sullen flame
Along the dreary waste of gray,
As tho' in that red region lay,
Heap'd up, like Autumn weeds and flowers
For fire, its thorny fruitless hours,
And God said "burn it all away!"

And here another—

The water-rat, as he skulk'd in the moat,
Set all the slumberous lilies afloat,
And sent a sharp quick pulse along
The stagnant light, that heaved and swung
The leaves together. Suddenly
At times a shooting star would spin
Shell-like out of heaven, and tumble in,
And burst o'er a city of stars.

But this young poet will, we trust, before he is much older, begin to perceive the immeasurable distance between a series of random images and landscapes, though perhaps striking and highly coloured, and a poem, the genuine essence of the experience and observation of a gifted human spirit. The latter, however daring or fantastic, has truth at its core, giving it substance and vitality, and restraining the exuberance within the limits of its proper law; the latter is but froth or coloured smoke, with no taproot to the real, and even in its fairest moments delusive and inconsistent. Owen Meredith's scene-painting, loaded with vermillion, ochre, and ultra-marine, is a discordant patchwork, contradicting itself backward and forward from page to page, like a misjoined puzzle. Thus, in all the departments of human labour, ambitious cleverness, striving to swiftly emulate the triumphs of deliberate and conscientious exertion, ever fails in the attempt—the false glitter never passes for true gold, save for a moment and with the purblind. With far less of pains and effort than are visible in every page of this provoking volume the writer might, if once in an original track, have produced things of a thousand times the value, or such at least is the impression made as we read. In the blank verse we have Tennyson, in the rhymes Browning; nor is it in tone and manner only that our neophyte reproduces his masters, but sometimes more closely, as in this instance:—

Ah, me! old times, they cling, they cling! (p. 199)
which is a transfer from Browning's "Flight of the Duchess" (verse vi.):

Oh, old thoughts they cling, they cling!

And this:—

Our paths are thro' the fields we know,
And yours you know not where." (p. 291)

for which, see "In Memoriam" (xxxix.):

My paths are in the fields I know,
And thine in undiscovered lands.

While the following lines:

Do I not know the noble steed will start
Aside, scared lightly by a straw, a shadow,
A thorn-bush in the way, while the dull mule
Plods stupidly adown the dullest paths?
And oft indeed, such trifles will dismay
The fleet and most eager spirits, which yet
Daunt not a duller mind.

are traceable, not very obscurely, to a prose passage in Browning's "Soul's Tragedy," part 2:—"I dare say there is some proof of your superior nature in this starting aside, strange as it seems at first. So they tell me my horse is of the right stock, because a shadow in the path frightens him into a frenzy, makes him dash my brains out. I understand only the dull mule's way of standing stockishly, plodding soberly, suffering on occasion a blow or two with due patience." Nor are the elder bards entirely neglected, for surely we have "heard these lines before," and from the lips of old Kit Marlow, on the subject of Helen of Greece:

For such a crime
A thousand ships were launch'd, and tumbled down
The topless towers of Ilium" (11)—

Yet the dramatic composition, *Clytemnestra*, in which these occur, or rather recur, is that piece in the volume which chiefly inspires us to hope better things from the writer. It indicates, we think, a force of conception and of language, which, if now but in the germ, may hereafter climb to a notable stature. The following lines, for example, are truly excellent:—

Hope, that will often fawn upon despair
And flatter desperate chances, when the event
Falls at our feet, soon takes a querulous tone,
And jealous of that perfect joy she guards
(Lest the ambrosial fruit by some rude hand
Be stol'n away from her, and never tasted),
Barks like a lean watch-dog at all who come.

If *Clytemnestra* be, as seems probable, the author's last written work, there is good hope for him, spite of his enormous sins as an imitator, which the prevalence of such sins of late, and the over-mild usage they have hitherto received at the hands of the police of literature, have forced us to point to distinctly. Should he, by future publications, prove that, in his case, they were sins of youth and inexperience, he may be assured of the readiness of the CRITIC to hail his ascent into a clearer region of song.

William Molyneux has been fortunate enough to win a second edition of *Sir Osmin*, a poem, which appears to us to have no original genius, or any marked feature to attract popularity.

Robin Hood is a drama which we believe has been successful on the stage, but, like many plays applauded there, it does not so much commend itself on perusal.

Lady Marshall is the writer of a little poem called *Helig's Warning*. It is a spirited production, in the style of Scott, and well adapted for the legend she tells in it.

We cannot commend *Poems* by Alexander Carlile. They are not poems, but metrical essays. For instance:—

Of nature's movements far the most sublime
And solemnising is its onward pulse,
An insulated life within a life,
Knocking, like spirit, at each living breast.

This is not poetry, but prose spoilt.

Mary Lewis prays critical forbearance, on the plea that her volume of *Poems and Prose* was composed under pressure of domestic affliction. We accept the plea, and forbear to criticize.

Lore's Martyrdom, a play in five acts, by John Saunders, has been produced with some success; but the general judgment is that it is a better closet than acting play. We have not seen it, so that we cannot express an opinion as to this; but in the study it commends itself by some fine passages, though not as a whole. The plot wants a natural development. It is the idea of the "Hunchback," modified but not improved. The poetry of the play is, however, of more than average beauty, and bits are scattered about that any of our dramatists might be proud to own.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN B. GOUGH, THE TEMPERANCE ORATOR.

The Autobiography and Orations of John B. Gough. London: Tweedie. 1855.

THE preachers of a new doctrine have two mighty opponents arrayed against them,—the experience of the world and the confirmed prejudices of their fellow-men; but when they address themselves to the destruction of a favourite and prevailing habit, the conflict grows ten times fiercer by the aid of those passions which are based upon the senses, and those vested interests which have arisen out of the gratification of them. This is the sort of conflict which the apostles of temperance have had to sustain. The use of alcoholic liquids has become so rooted into our social frame, and is so tenaciously held there both by its own power over the reason and by the number of those persons whose very existence depends upon its continuance, that to

preach a crusade against it is to undertake the all but impossible task of convincing the passions of mankind, and assailing them through that almost impregnable fortress their pockets.

It must be now some thirty years since the doctrine of total abstinence from the use of strong drink was upheld to any extent in this country. The town of Preston, we believe, was the birth-place of the movement, and it was (if we are not misinformed) at a temperance meeting held in that town that an accident gave it the *sobriquet* of teetotalism. The drinking habits of the working classes of Lancashire had attracted the attention of some thoughtful men among them. They saw that wasted in a mere animal gratification which might have served to make masters out of men, or, at any rate, to bring happiness and prosperity to many a wretched, comfortless hearth. They calculated that the money spent by the working classes in drinking pleasures would enable them to buy up their masters in thirty years.* The notion may have been Utopian; but they thought they saw in the abolition of this wasteful habit one way to a regeneration of their fellows. They convinced themselves that there was no physical necessity for the use of alcoholic liquids; whilst, on the other hand, they saw in it the cause of most of the crimes and evils which infest and trouble the world. They accordingly resolved to fight the battle, confident in the justice of their cause, and knowing that, as it was right in the main, it must eventually succeed. Amid open scoffs and covert sneers, undisguised violence and insidious ridicule, these men patiently laboured. At first, their success was small; but gradually the fame of them has widened and deepened, and their names are now known and honoured throughout the world. Even from those who look upon them as dreamers and visionaries, their labours cannot fail to win esteem. For one convert to the cause once made, hundreds are now enrolled under the Temperance banner. Thousands have been rescued from the pit of drunkenness. The wife's tears have been wiped away; starving children have been fed; men who had degraded themselves to the level of brutes have been restored to a sense of their nobility; comfort has been restored to many a sorrowful hearth. Surely these are results which testify eloquently in favour of these men and of their works. It is easy to charge them with going too far, and with bringing discredit upon the good gifts of God. The answer of the temperance advocates is clear and sensible; they say, You may persevere if you will, and use intoxicating liquors if you will; but we choose to abstain, as we have the full right to do; and if haply we can persuade the poor drunkard to follow our example, we are sure that he will then be safe; because, although moderation may be harmless, abstinence must be so.

The remarkable man whose actions and autobiography furnish the text of this article, has stood prominently forward during the last two or three years as the most conspicuous advocate of the temperance cause in the world. His labours have been attended with greater success than those of any other speaker upon this subject (Father Matthew not excepted); and he challenges attention and a careful hearing, not only on account of his wonderful oratorical powers, the fame of which is now world-wide, but also because he is himself "a brand plucked from the burning," a drunkard saved from the terrible fascination of drink.

John B. Gough was born on the 22nd of August, 1817, at Sandgate, in the county of Kent. His father had been a private soldier, a Peninsula warrior. His mother appears to have been an excellent character, and Gough bears feeling and eloquent testimony to her worth, and to the influence which her teaching exercised over his career. Not till years after her death did the seeds of her pious love bear fruit in him; it was indeed bread cast upon the waters, and found again after many days. In his Autobiography he says:—

My mother's character was cast in a gentle mould. Her heart was a fountain whence the pure waters of affection never ceased to flow. Her very being seemed twined with mine, and ardently did I return her love.

She was the schoolmistress of the village, "and well qualified by nature and acquirements for the interesting but humble office she

* This holds good now. In the town of Preston about 50,000l. annually is spent by the working classes alone in spirits and beer; whereas the aggregate value of all the mills and machinery in the town cannot exceed a million and a half.

filled, if a kindly heart and well-stored mind be the requisites." In his orations he makes constant reference to her, and always attributes his conversion from drunkenness to sobriety to her gentle influence. "I remember the teachings of a praying mother." And again:

"I cannot speak of a mother's influence without giving testimony to my own. My mother was a devoted Christian; she taught me to pray; she was one of the Lord Jesus Christ's nobility; she had the patent signed and sealed with his blood; she died poor, and left her children the legacy of a mother's prayers, and the Lord God Almighty as the executor of her last will and testament; and I believe that my mother has changed a life of suffering, toil, privation, pain, and poverty, to bask in the sunshine of her Saviour's smile. I believe that my mother, from her bright home above, sees her poor wandering, wretched, homeless, hopeless, boy, brought back to hope, happiness, respectability, and expectation of heaven, as the result of her teaching and her prayers. A mother's power, God only knows it.

When only twelve years of age he was sent out to America, under the care of some persons who undertook to teach him a trade and to provide for him until he was twenty-one. This family seems to have ill supplied the place of his own; after remaining two years at farming, he came to New York, where he learned the trade of a bookbinder. Here he was joined by his mother and sister, who emigrated to live with him—the old Peninsula soldier, being unwilling to lose his pension, remained in England. When he was seventeen years old his mother died, and, after this misfortune happened to him, all moral restraint seems to have been removed, and he fell into the wildest courses of dissipation. To make matters worse he married, and brought a partner to share his unhappy home. He became a father, but that did not rouse him: both wife and infant died, yet still he persevered in his infatuated career. Judging from his own account of himself, his degradation was at this time extreme, and the iron entered deeply into his soul.

For seven years of my life I wandered over God's beautiful earth like an unblest spirit, wandering over a barren desert, digging deep wells to quench my thirst, and bringing up the dry hot sand. The lividity of my master had been to me a garment of burning poison. Bound with the fetters of evil habit, like an iron net encircling me in its folds—fascinated with my bondage, and yet with a desire—oh, how fervent!—to stand where I had once hoped to stand. Seven years of darkness, seven years of dissipation, seven years of sin.

The most hideous consequences of drunkenness were experienced by him; and it is thus that he describes *delirium tremens* and all its attendant horrors:—

I remember when it struck me—God forgive me that I drank so much as to lead to it, although not one half so much as some who drank with me, and who are moderate drinkers now. The first glass with me was like fire in the blood; the second was as concentric rings in the brain; the third made me dance and shout; the fourth made me drunk; and, God help me! I drank enough to bring upon me that fearful disease. I remember one night, when in bed, trembling with fright. Something was coming into the room—what it was I knew not. Suddenly the candle seemed to go out. I knew the light was burning. I struggled to get to it, and would have held my hand there fiercely till burnt to the bone. All at once I felt I was sinking down; fearful shapes seemed gathering round; and yet I knew I was sitting in my bed, no one near, and the light burning!

The meanest social degradations, which are the drunkard's lot, fell upon him.

I was an Ishmaelite of society, and I verily believe my hand was against every man. . . . I once associated in the bar-rooms with young men who were greatly my superiors in station, the sons of respectable merchants or professional men; and these, though they would delight there to hear me sing and tell my stories, would not speak to me when they saw me in the street.

Finally, the pangs of self-contempt, worst torture of all.

A man may bear the scorn of his fellows; let the concentrated scorn of the community be pointed with hissing at you, you can bear that better than the load of self-contempt. To feel that you are a wretched miserable thing, from which your better nature shrinks in disgust; to feel as if you had a dead body bound to your living frame, and that body become a mass of putrefaction, and yet ever with you—when you walk abroad, and when you lie down at home to sleep.

When the following scene occurred he may be supposed to have reached the depth of his abasement. He had been drinking all night.

The young men said afterwards I was mad. I scared them by my talk. At three o'clock in the morning I went out of the town, and bathed my brow in the clear air. I went to the graveyard and read of those whom I had known in the days of the past; I pulled up the grass in my frenzy, and cursed my own infatuation. I had a bottle of laudanum in my pocket, and sat leaning for a little while on a fence bordering on a railroad, and began to think how I wished I could lie there and let the next train of cars cut me in two.

And now, when he had arrived at the very bottom of the hill, salvation came suddenly in view. A friend (truly one) persuaded him to take the pledge, and he did so. It was but a few years ago, and those few years and the pledge have worked out all this difference in the circumstances of this man. Once, and once only, did he break the pledge; but he renewed it, and never fell again. The facts of this single instance of backsliding are candidly related by him in his Autobiography; and, as he very justly remarks, should convince those who take the pledge "that they need a strength not their own to enable them to adhere to the vows they make." Almost immediately after his espousal of the cause he became celebrated as a Temperance orator; and, since the year 1843, his exertions in that respect have been tremendous. In November 1843 he married for the second time, under circumstances far more cheering and auspicious than before. For nearly ten years he laboured in America with the greatest success; and in 1853 he was induced to revisit his native country, at the instance of the London Temperance League. On the 2nd of August in that year he made his first appearance before a British audience upon the platform of Exeter Hall, and from that moment his career in this country has been one unbroken triumph. He has travelled very nearly all over the kingdom, and everywhere his success has been undoubted. Merely to recapitulate the remarkable occasions upon which this extraordinary man has proved his title to be considered a real orator would swell this article beyond all reasonable limits. On the 24th of August 1854 a remarkable meeting was held at Sandgate, his native village, and the occasion possessed a double interest from the fact of its being his birthday. Few who were present will forget the speech which he delivered from the stage of Drury-lane Theatre on the Day of Fasting and Humiliation. For two hours and a half he held four thousand people hanging, as it were, upon his lips, by a chain of eloquence, pathos, poetry, and humour, at once varied and entrancing. None who have ever listened to Mr. Gough (whatever their opinion may be upon the point in discussion) have ever left his presence with a feeling of disappointment. Indeed, he generally contrives to surpass expectation. This may be in some measure due to the momentary feeling of disappointment which people are apt to experience upon hearing the first few sentences. His meagre form, harsh features, and rather provincial accent strike a chill at first; but when the form expands with the divine afflatus of genius, the features light up with the fire of intellect within, around the lips play lambent flashes borrowed from the "live coal" of Ezekiel—when he rides, as it were, upon the whirlwind of his thoughts, and controls his audience by the magnetic fascination of his eloquence, then does the hearer feel that he has a real orator before him, and he loses all power of petty critical analysis in a feeling of unbounded wonder and admiration.

Mr. Gough rises infinitely superior to all the other lecturers of the day by this unequalled power over the enthusiasm of his audience. There is no studied mannerism, no posing (as with George Dawson and Henry Vincent); all is spontaneous, all is real. We have on a former occasion accused him of slight exaggerations, and we see no reason to retract the charge; but we are at the same time thoroughly convinced of his perfect sincerity, and of his honest conviction that whatever he says is strictly and literally true. He never wearies you by the sameness either of his tone or of his matter. Humour succeeds pathos, and laughter chases away tears with marvellous quickness, and yet neither unpleasantly nor inappropriately.

Illustrations apt, sparkling, and humorous abound everywhere. Speaking of moderate men, he says:—

Constitutionally moderate men. They have always been moderate, and always will be. They are very much like a lot of tunes mixed up in a barrel organ. Turn the handle, and you get the tunes without a

variation, for twenty years, save, perhaps, a few cracks in the notes.

Referring to the absurd custom of taking wine, as it is called, he says:—

Now suppose I were to say to a friend opposite, "Will you take a little piece of bread and butter with me?" And then I bow and smile, and then bite a piece of bread and butter, and eat it, and swallow it, and smile and bow again, and it is all through. Now that is very absurd. But why should it be more absurd to take a piece of bread and butter with a friend, than to take a glass of wine?

Here is a little fable:—

A mouse once fell in a beer-vat, and cried to a cat to help her out. "If I do I will eat you."—"I would rather be eaten by a decent cat than be drowned in such filthy stuff as this."

In another place, speaking of the drunkards, he compares them to two dogs that a boy was leading through the street:—

"Where are those dogs going to?" asked some one. "No one knows, for they have come by train and have eaten their directions."

With the religious part of the argument Mr. Gough deals fairly and frankly.

You say the Bible permits drink, and I agree with you. I also say the Bible permits total abstinence.

Again he says:

Ours is a human instrumentality. The total abstinence principle must save the drunkard; and I maintain that the sober man is in a fitter state to receive religious instruction than when stupefied by the drink.

Elsewhere he observes with great truth that, although drink may be sanctioned by certain portions of Scripture, it is also rebuked in others, which cannot be said of abstinence.

Wine is a mocker—strong drink is raging. . . . Who hath woo? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.

Such are the warnings of wisdom against the dangers which beset the wine-drinker.

In order to give our readers some notion of Mr. Gough's oratory, we have selected a few of the more striking passages in his orations. It should, however, be remembered that in reading them here they lose more than half their force through the absence of his thrilling tones and earnest delivery. The first is a very apt and vigorous comparison between "the naphthaline river of Passion accurst" and the rapids of Niagara.

Now launch your bark on that Niagara river; it is bright, smooth, beautiful, and glassy. There is a ripple at the bow; the silvery wake you leave behind adds to your enjoyment. Down the stream you glide, oars, sails, and helm in proper trim, and you set out on your pleasure excursion. Suddenly some one cries out from the bank, "Young men, ahoy!"—"What is it?"—"The rapids are below you!"—"Ha! ha! we have heard of the rapids, but we are not such fools as to get there. If we go too fast, then we shall up with the helm and steer to the shore; we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to land. Then on, boys; don't be alarmed—there's no danger."—"Young men, ahoy there!"—"What is it?"—"The rapids are below you."—"Ha! ha! we will laugh and quaff; all things delight us. What care we for the future? No man ever saw it. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. We will enjoy life while we may; we will catch pleasure as it flies. This is enjoyment. Time enough to steer out of danger when we are sailing swiftly with the current."—"Young men, ahoy!"—"What is it?"—"Beware! Beware! The rapids are below you." Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard!—quick! quick!—pull for your lives!—pull till the blood starts from the nostrils, and the veins stand like whipcord upon the brow! Set the mast in the socket! Hoist the sail! Ah, ah!—it is too late. Shrieking, cursing, howling, blaspheming!—over you go!

It may be easily imagined that such passages, delivered with the immense dramatic power which Mr. Gough undoubtedly possesses, have an extraordinary effect upon his audience. Occasionally his eloquence takes a sweeter and more poetical tone.

What (bursts he forth, in the middle of an eloquent exposition of the state of a drunkard's mind,)—what has the drunkard to think of? He thinks of the past only as a point from which he has strayed. His memory is a curse. He is like an instrument all out of tune; and by his side stands a weird sister, and her name is Memory, and she strikes every chord with her fingers—jarring through him with horrible discord, making him mad; and he steeps in drink his

soul and senses, that he may forget the past. He shuns his enemy, but she tears him again like a giant.

Or take this eloquent eulogium upon water:—

Pure life-giving water—water that God gives to his children. Where does he brew it? Not in the simmering still—not amidst smoky fires and noisome stench—does he brew it; no, but in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders, where the little child loves to play—away down in the valleys, where the rills sing and the brooks murmur; and away up on the mountain-top, whose granite peaks look like gold in the sunlight, where the storm-clouds make their glorious music, and send it from summit to summit, a psalm of praise to him; there he brews it; away, away upon the wide sea, where the hurricane howls the music, and the wide wave swells the chorus, telling of the march of God across the waters. There he brews it. Water! blessed water; Everywhere it is a beautiful thing—glistening in the dew-drop, dancing in the hail-storm, hanging in ice-drops like jewels on the trees. A thing of beauty everywhere! And there is no blood stains it; no broken-hearted wife and pale child pours burning tears into his depths.

Sometimes his oratory, bursting the bonds of his subject, soars into the highest regions of poetry, as in the following dark and terrible picture, worthy the pen of Milton and the pencil of Martin:—

We might fancy Satan seated upon his high and burning throne in Pandemonium, crowned with a circlet of everlasting fire, calling around him his satellites to show their respective claim for certain privileges, by the power one possessed more than another to bring man to that burning lake. We may imagine Mammon, the nearest of all the gods, standing up and saying, "Send me. I can send men from their homes across the burning desert, or the trackless ocean, to fight and dig in the earth for yellow dust; and so harden the heart that the cry of the widow and the fatherless shall be unheard. I will so stop up every avenue to human affection, that my victim shall stand as if made of the metal he lives, and when the cold fingers of Death are feeling for his heart-strings, he shall clutch closer and closer to his heart the bag of yellow dust, which is the only god he ever worshipped." Belial, filthiest of all the gods, next proclaims his power. Then the destroyer asserts his claim; he holds war, pestilence, and famine in his hand, and makes men whose trade it is to deface God's image rank themselves in hostile array, and hurry each other shrieking, unshrouded, into another world. While all is silent, we may suppose a mighty rumbling sound, at which all hell quakes; and far in the distance is seen, borne upon the fiery tide, a monstrous being, his hair snakes, all matted with blood, his face besmeared with gore, he rises half his length, and the waves dashing against his heart fall back in a shower of fire. "Who art thou?"—"I am an earth-born spirit. I heard your proclamation and came. Send me: I will turn the hand of the father against the mother, the mother against the child, the husband against the wife; the young man, in the pride of manliness, I will wrap in my cerement and wither him. That fair young girl I will make such a thing that the vilest wretch shall shrink from her in disgust. I will do more; I will so deceive them that the mother shall know that I destroyed her first-born, and yet give to me her second. The father shall know that I destroyed the pride of his hope, and yet lift the deadly draught to the lips of the second. Governors shall know how I have sapped the root of states, and yet spread over me the robe of their protection. Legislators shall know the crime and misery I cause, but shall still shield and encourage me. In heathen lands I shall be called fire-water, spirit of the devil; but in Christendom men shall call me 'a good creature of God?'" All hell resounds with a shout, and Satan exclaims:—"Come up hither, and take a seat on the throne, till we hear your name." As he mounts to the seat, the spirit says aloud, "My name is ALCOHOL!" And the name shall be shouted in every part of hell, and the cry be raised, "Go forth, and the benison of the pit go with you."

Hypercriticism may find objections to parts of this figure, whether in its conception or in the manner of working it out; but, to our apprehension, taking it as it stands, there is a certain vigour and grandeur about it that would not have discredited the greatest masters of oratory.

One very great and remarkable quality of this man is the manner in which, by a few simple but pregnant words, he suggests an entire argument. What momentous considerations are contained in such a sentence as this: "Every man who dies a drunkard dies a suicide." What a fund of reasoning lies in the following apparently whimsical distinction: "Some say, 'I won't sign away my liberty.' What liberty? The drunkard is the most abject slave on the face of the earth." Another short sentence brings home with fearful force to our apprehension the devastating effects of drink. "If Death were left

alone, the gaunt, grisly reformer would sweep Great Britain of drunkenness in twenty-five years, if there were not more made."

Two more gems of Mr. Gough's oratory, and we have done. The first is a terrible picture, illustrating the relationship between drunkenness and crime; the second, a bright vision of the future triumphs of the Temperance cause.

What fills our alms-houses and our gaols? What hangs yon trembling wretch upon the gallows? It is the drink. And we might call upon the tomb to break forth—Ye mouldering victims! wipe the grave-dust crumbling from your brow, stalk forth in your tattered shrouds and bony whiteness, to testify against the drink! Come, come from the gallows, you spirit-maddened manslayer; grip your bloody knife, and stalk forth to testify against it! Crawl from the slimy ooze, ye drowned drunkards, and, with suffocation's blue and livid lips, speak out against the drink! Unroll the record of the past, and let the recording Angel read out the murder indictments written in God's book of remembrance; aye, let the past be unfolded, and the shrieks of victims waiting be borne down upon the night blast! Snap your burning chains, ye denizens of the pit, and come up shrouded in fire, dripping with the flames of hell, and with your trumpet tongues testify against the deep damnation of the drink. . . . Some are living to-day; and I should like to stand where they stand now, and see the mighty enterprise as it rises before them. They worked hard. They lifted the first turf—prepared the bed in which to lay the corner-stone. They laid it amid persecution and storm. They worked under the surface; and men almost forgot that there were busy hands laying the solid foundation far down beneath. By-and-by they got the foundation above the surface, and then commenced another storm of persecution. Now we see the superstructure—pillar after pillar, tower after tower, column after column, with the capitals emblazoned "Love, truth, sympathy, and good will to all men." Old men gaze upon it as it grows up before them. They will not live to see it completed, but they see in faith the crowning cope-stone set upon it. Meek-eyed women weep as it grows in beauty; children strew the pathway of the workmen with flowers. We do not see its beauty yet—we do not see the magnificence of its superstructure yet—because it is in course of erection. Scaffolding, ropes, ladders, workmen ascending and descending, mar the beauty of the building; but by-and-by when the hosts who have laboured shall come up over a thousand battle-fields waving with bright grain never again to be crushed in the distillery—through vine-yards, under trellised vines with grapes hanging in all their purple glory, never again to be pressed into that which can debase and degrade mankind; when they shall come through orchards, under trees hanging thick with golden, pulpy fruit, never to be turned into that which can injure and debase—when they shall come up to the last distillery and destroy it, to the last stream of liquid death and dry it up, to the last weeping wife and wipe her tears gently away, to the last little child and lift him up to stand where God meant that man should stand, to the last drunkard, and nerve him to burst the burning fetters and make a glorious accompaniment to the song of freedom by the clanking of his broken chains—then, ah! then will the cope-stone be set upon it, the scaffolding will fall with a crash, and the building will start in its wondrous beauty before an astonished world.

One last word of well-meant advice to Mr. Gough: let him take heed of what is called fustian. The heat of the moment may lead him to indulge in hyperbolic passages upon the platform; and there, where the general effect is of higher importance than the merits of particular parts, they may pass muster; but in print it takes a great deal of real excellence to make us overlook many such bursts as this:

Sublimity tabernacles not in the chambers of thunder, nor rides upon the lightning's flash, nor walks upon the wings of the wind, but in man's spirit up there yoking itself with the whirlwind, riding upon the northern blast, scattering grandeur and glory around it on its upward, wondrous, circling way.

Poetic licence goes a long way, but not quite so far as this.

The Monarchs of the Main; or, Adventures of the Buccaneers. By GEORGE M. THORNBURY, Esq. 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

MR. THORNBURY informs us in his preface that he is entitled to claim for this book at least the merit of originality. Two volumes in French, one in Dutch, and one in English, contain all the printed narratives we possess of the lives and adventures of the Pirates, so dear to romance, so hateful in sober reality. With the commendable spirit of an advocate, however, our author is not satisfied with the reputation usually accorded to his heroes. He endeavours to bespeak for them a favourable ear, by explaining that the Buccaneers

proper are not to be confounded with the Pirates of later times. But we cannot recognise the distinction. The Buccaneers lived by plunder, so did the Pirates; both were robbers on the highway of the sea; as with the regular highwaymen, there might be some difference in the manner, but certainly none in substance. Practically, it is of little moment whether we are robbed with a courteous bow or a coarse curse. We doubt if the merchantmen captured by the Buccaneers could have recognised the distinction sought to be made by Mr. Thornbury; who, nevertheless, describes them as "anomalous beings, hunters by land and sea, scaring whole fleets with a few canoes, sacking cities with a few grenadiers, devastating every coast from California to Cape Horn." And again, further on, he candidly admits that "the Buccaneers were robbers, yet they sought something beyond gold." Doubtless most robbers do so; the gold is only the means to an end; it is not for gold's sake that they rob. It is certain, however, that with them the gold was the primary object. Our author calls them "religious robbers." The name is not inappropriate. We have religious robbers in our own time; but we doubt if the public will be inclined to think them the less robbers because of the prefix "religious."

The first Buccaneers, he informs us, were poor French hunters, who, driven by the Spaniards out of Hispaniola, fled to the neighbouring island of Tortuga, and there settled as planters. The hunters of the wild cattle in the savannahs of Hispaniola were known by the designation of Buccaneers so early as 1630, deriving their name from *Boucan*, an old Indian word, which the Caribs gave to the hut in which they smoked the flesh killed in hunting. In course of time this hunter's food became known as *viande boucanée*, and the hunters themselves gradually assumed the name of Buccaneers.

The Buccaneer stronghold lay in the North Atlantic Ocean. It was a small rocky island, only sixty leagues in circumference. This is the description of

THE PIRATE'S ISLE.

It had only one port, the entrance to which formed two channels: on two sides it was iron-bound, and on the other defended by reefs and shoals, less threatening than the cliffs, but not less dangerous. Though scantily supplied with spring-water—a defect which the natives balanced by a free use of "the water of life"—the interior was very fertile and well wooded. Palm and sandal wood trees grew in profusion; sugar, tobacco, aloes, resin, China-root, indigo, cotton, and all sorts of tropical plants were the riches of the planters. The cultivators were already receiving gifts from the earth, which—liberal benefactor—she gave without expecting a return, for the virgin soil needed little seed, care, or nourishment. The island was too small for savannahs, but the tangled brushwood abounded in wild boars. The harbour had a fine sand bottom, was well sheltered from the winds, and was walled in by the *Côte de Fer* rocks. Round the habitable part of the shore stretched sands, so that it could not be approached but by boats. The town consisted of only a few store-houses and wine-shops, and was called the *Basse Terre*. The other five habitable parts of the island were Cayona, the Mountain, the Middle Plantation, the Ringot, and Mason's Point. A seventh, the Capsterre, required only water to make it habitable, the land being very fertile. To supply the want of springs, the planters collected the rain water in tanks. The soil of the island was alternately sand and clay, and from the latter they made excellent pottery. The mountains, though rocky and scarcely covered with soil, were shaded with trees of great size and beauty, the roots of which hung like air plants to the bare rock, and, netting them round, struck here and there deeper anchors into the wider crevices. This timber was so dry and tough that, if it was cut and exposed to the heat of the sun, it would split with a loud noise, and could therefore only be used as fuel. This favoured island boasted all the fruits of the Antilles: its tobacco was better than that of any other island; its sugar canes attained an enormous size, and their juice was sweeter than elsewhere; its numerous medicinal plants were exported to heal the diseases of the Old World. The only four-footed animal was the wild boar, originally transplanted from Hispaniola. As it soon grew scarce, the French governor made it illegal to hunt with dogs, and required the hunter to follow his prey single-handed and on foot. The wood-pigeons were almost the only birds in the island. They came in large flocks at certain periods of the year; (Exmelin says that, in two or three hours, without going eighty steps from the road, he killed ninety-five with his own hand. As soon as they eat a certain berry their flesh became bitter, as our larks do when they move from the stubbles into the turnips. A Gascon visitor, once complaining of their sudden bitterness, was told by a buccaneer as a joke that his servant had forgot to remove the gall.

Fish abounded round the island, and crabs without number; the night fishermen carrying torches of the candle-wood tree. The shell-fish was the food of servants and slaves, and was said to be so indigestible as to frequently produce giddiness and temporary blindness; the turtle and manatee, too, formed part of their daily diet. The planters were much tormented by the white and red land-crabs, or *tourtourons*, which lived in the earth, visited the sea to spawn, and at night gnawed the sugar-canes and the roots of plants. Their only venomous reptile was the viper, which they tamed to kill mice; in a wild state, it fed on poultry or pigeons. From the stomach of one Exmelin drew seven pigeons and a large fowl, which had been swallowed about three hours before, and cooked them for his own dinner, verifying the old proverb of "robbing Peter to pay Paul." In times of scarcity these snakes were eaten for food. Besides chameleons and lizards, there were small insects with shells like a snail. These were considered good to eat and very nourishing. When held near the fire, they distilled a red oily liquid useful as a rheumatic liniment. Though the scorpions and scolopendrias were not venomous, Nature, always just in her compensations, covered the island with poisonous shrubs. The most fatal of these was the noxious *manzanilla*. It grew as high as a pear tree, had leaves like a wild laurel, and bore fruit like an apple; this fruit was so deadly, that even fish that ate of it, if they did not die, became themselves poisonous, and were known by the blackness of their teeth. The only antidote was olive oil. The Indian fishermen used, as a test, to taste the heart of the fish they caught, and if it proved bitter they knew at once that it had been poisoned, and threw it away. The very rain-drops that fell from the leaves were deadly to man and beast, and it was as dangerous to sleep under its shadow as under the upas. The friendly boughs invited the traveller (as vice does man) to rest under their shade; but when he awoke he found himself sick and faint, and covered with feverish sores. New comers were too frequently tempted by the sight and odour of the fruit, and the only remedy for the rash son of Adam was to bind him down, and, in spite of heat and pain, to prevent him drinking for two or three days. The body of the sufferer became at first "red" as fire, and his tongue black as ink; then a great torment of thirst and fever came upon him, but slowly passed away. Another poisonous shrub resembled the pimento; its berries were used by the Indians to rub their eyes, giving them, as they believed, a keener sight, and enabling them to see the fish deeper in the water and to strike them at a greater distance with the harpoon. The root of this bush was a poison, so deadly that the only known antidote for it was its own berries, bruised and drunk in wine. Of another plant, Exmelin relates an instance of a negro girl being poisoned by a rejected lover, by merely putting some of its leaves between her toes when asleep.

Such was the romantic scene of the romance—the romance of reality—narrated in these volumes. The climate is delicious; the earth yields fruit enough for human subsistence almost without human labour. Very eloquent is the picture of

A BUCCANEER'S DAY.

At day-break, the land wind moans and shakes the dew from the feathery palms; the fire-flies grow pale, and fade out one after the other, like the stars; the deep croaking of the frog ceases, and the lizards and crickets are silent; the monkeys leave off yelling; the snore of the tree-toad and the wild cry of the tiger-cat are no more heard; but fresh sounds arise, and the woods thrill with the voices and clatter of an awakening city: the measured tap of the woodpecker echoes, with the clear, flute-like note of the pavo del monte, the shriek of the macaw, and the chatter of the parrot; the pigeon moans in the inmost forest, and the gabbling crows croak and scream. At noon, as the breeze continues, and the sun grows vertical, the branches grow alive with gleaming lizards and coloured birds, noisy parrots hop round the wild pine, the cattle retreat beneath the trees for shelter, to browse the cooler grass, and the condouli and passion flowers of all sizes, from a soup plate to a thumb ring, shut their blossoms; the very humming-birds cease to drone and buzz round the orange flowers, and the land-crab is heard rustling among the dry grass. In the swamps the hot mist rises, and the wild fowl flock to the reeds and canes in the muddy lagoons, where the strong smell of musk denotes the lurking alligator; the feathery plumes of the bamboos wave not, and the cotton-tree moves not a limb. The rainy season brings far different scenes: then the sky grows suddenly black, the wild ducks fly screaming here and there, the carrion crows are whirled bodily about the skies, the smaller birds hurry to shelter, the mountain clouds bear down upon the valleys, and a low, rushing sound precedes the rain. The torrents turn brown and earthy, all nature seems to wait the doom with fear. The low murmur of the earthquake is still more impressive, with the distant thunder breaking the deep silence, and the trees bending and groaning though the air is still. Besides the rains and the earthquakes, the tornados are still more dreadful visitants, when the air in a moment grows full of shivered branches, shattered roofs, and

uprooted canes. The great features of the West Indian forests are the fireflies and the monkeys. At night, when the wind is rustling in the dry palm leaves, the sparkles of green fire break out among the trees like sparks blown from a thousand torches; the gloom pulses with them as the flame ebbs and flows; and the planters' chambers are filled with these harmless incendiaries. The yell of the monkeys at daybreak has been compared to a devils' holiday, to distant thunder, loose iron bars in a cart in Fleet-street, bagpipes, and drunken men laughing. To Coleridge we are indebted for word-pictures of the cabbage-tree, and the silk cotton-tree with their buttressed trunks; the banyan with its cloistered arcades; the wild plantain with its immense green leaves rent in slips, its thick bunches of fruit, and its scarlet pendent seed; the mangroves, with their branches drooping into the sea; the banana, with its jointed leaves; the fern trees, twenty feet high; the gold canes, in arrowy sheaves; and the feathery palms. Nor do we forget the figuera, the bois le Sueur, or the wild pine burning like a topaz in a calyx of emerald. Beneath the broad roof of creepers, from which the oriole hangs its hammock nest, grow, in a wild jungle of beauty, the scarlet cordia, the pink and saffron flower fence, the plumeria, and the white datura. The flying-fish glided by us, says H. N. Coleridge, speaking of the Indian seas, bonitos and alibores played around the bows, dolphins gleamed in our wake, ever and anon a shark, and once a great emerald-coloured whale, kept us company. Elsewhere he describes the silver strand, fringed with evergreen drooping mangroves, and the long shrouding avenues of thick leaves that darkly fringe the blue ocean. By the shore grow the dark and stately manchineel, beautiful but noxious, the white wood, and the bristling sea-side grape, with its broad leaves and bunches of pleasant berries. The sea-birds skim about the waves, and the red flamingoes stalk around the sandy shoals, while the alligators wallow on the mud banks, and the snowy pelicans hold their councils in solemn stupidity. Leaving the sea and the shore we wander on into the interior, for the West Indian vegetation has everywhere a common character, and see delighted the forest trees growing on the cliffs, knotted and bound together with luxuriant festoons of evergreen creepers, connecting them in one vast network of leaves and branches, the wild pine sparkling on the huge limbs of the wayside trees, beside it the dagger-like Spanish needle, the quilted pimplae, and the maypole aloes shooting its yellow flowered crown twenty feet above the traveller, or amid the dark foliage, twines of purple wreaths or lilac jessamine; and the woods ringing with the songs of birds, interrupted at times by strange shrieks or moanings of some tropic wanderer; we see with these the snowy amaryllis, the gorgeous hibiscus with its crown of scarlet, the quivering limes and dark glossy orange bushes; we rest under the green tamarind or listen to the mournful creaking of the sand-box tree.

But our heroes were not content with the fruits of the earth. They were mighty hunters, and devoured flesh with a hunter's relish. This was

BUCCANEERS' FARE.

Labat—no ordinary lover of good cheer, if we may judge from his portrait, which represents him with cheeks as plump as a pulpit cushion, and with fat rolls of double chin—describes the Buccaneer fare with much unction, having gone to a hunter's feast,—a corporeal treat intended as a slight return for much spiritual food. Each Buccaneer, he says, had two skewers, made of clean peeled wood, one having two spikes. The boucan itself was made of four stakes as thick as a man's arm, and about four feet long, stuck in the ground to form a square five long and three feet across. On these forked sticks they placed cross bars, and upon these the spit, binding them all with withes. The wild boar, being skinned and gutted, was placed whole upon the spit, the stomach kept open with a stick. The fire was made of charcoal, and put on with bark shovels. The interior of the pig was filled with citron juice, salt, crushed pimento, and pepper, and the flesh was constantly pricked, so that this juice might penetrate. When the meat was ready, the cooks fired off a musket twice, to summon the hunters from the woods, while banana leaves were placed round for plates. If the hunters brought home any birds they at once picked them and threw them into the stomach of the pig, as into a pot. If the hunters were novices, and brought home nothing, they were sent out again to seek it; if they were veterans, they were compelled to drink as many cups as the best hunter had that day killed deer, bulls, or boars. A leaf served to hold the pimento sauce, and a calabash to drink from, while bananas were their substitute for bread. The *engages* waited on their masters, and one of the penalties for clumsy serving was to be compelled to drink off a calabash full of sauce.

Now for a peep at

BUCCANEER MANNERS.

When a dispute arose between any of them, their associates tried to reconcile the difference. A dispute about a shooting wager, or the smallest trifle, might give rise to deadly feuds between such lawless and vindictive exiles, unaccustomed to control, and ready

to resort to arms. If both still determined to have revenge, the musket was the impassive arbiter appealed to. The friends of the duellists decided at what distance the combatants should stand, and made them draw lots for the first fire. If one fell dead, the by-standers immediately held a sort of inquest, at which they decided whether he had been fairly dealt with, and examined the body to see that the death-shot had been fairly fired in front, and not in a cowardly or treacherous manner, and handled his musket to see whether it was discharged and had been in good order. A surgeon then opened the orifice of the wound, and if he decided that the bullet had entered behind, or much on one side, they declared the survivor a murderer; Lynch law was proclaimed, they tied the culprit to a tree, and shot him with their muskets.

These wild and lawless people yet recognised a code of laws among themselves. It related mainly to the division of spoil, which was regulated by strict rule:

The captain was allowed five or six shares, the master's mate only two, and the other officers in proportion, down to the lowest mariner. All acts of special bravery or merit were rewarded by special grants. The man who first caught sight of a prize received a hundred crowns. The sailor who struck down the enemy's captain, and the first boarder who reached the enemy's deck, were also distinguished by honours. The surgeon, always a great man among a crew whose lives so often depended on his skill, received 200 crowns to supply his medicine chest. If they took a prize, he had a share like the rest. If they had no money to give him, he was rewarded with two slaves. The loss of an eye was recompensed at 100 crowns, or one slave. The loss of both eyes with 600 crowns, or six slaves.

And so on.

The first pioneer in buccancer warfare on a large scale was Lewis Scott, an Englishman, who led the way in seeking the town of St. Francisco, in Campeachy, and compelling the inhabitants to pay a ransom. But the first great booty was obtained under the guidance of John Davis, a Dutchman. He resolved upon

THE SACK OF GRANADA.

By night he rowed thirty leagues up the river, to the entry of the lake, and concealed his ships under the boughs of the trees that grew upon the banks; then putting eighty men in his three canoes he rowed on to the town, leaving ten sailors to guard the vessels. By day they hid under the trees; at night they pushed on towards the unsuspecting town, and reached it on the third midnight—taking it, as he had expected, without a blow and by surprise. To a sentinel's challenge they replied that they were fishermen returning home, and two of the crew, leaping on shore, ran their swords through the interrogator, to stop further questions which might have been less easily answered. Following their guide, they reached a small covered way that led to the right of the town, while another Indian towed their canoes to a point to which they had agreed each man should bring his booty. As soon as they arrived at the town they separated into small bands, and were led one by one to the houses of the richest inhabitants. Here they quietly knocked, and being admitted as friends, seized the inmates by the throat and compelled them, on pain of death, to surrender all the money and jewels that they had. They then roused the sacristans of the principal churches, from whom they took the keys and carried off all the altar plate that could be beaten up or rendered portable. The pixes they stripped of their gems, gouged out the jewelled eyes of virgin idols, and hammered up the sacramental cups into convenient lumps of metal. This quiet and undisturbed pillage had lasted for two hours without a struggle, when some servants, escaping from the adventurers, began to ring the alarm-bells to warn the town, while a few of the already plundered citizens, breaking into the market-place, filled the streets with uproar and affright. Davis, seeing that the inhabitants were beginning to rally from that panic which had alone secured his victory, commenced a retreat, as the enemy were now gathering in armed and threatening numbers. In a hollow square, with their booty in the centre, the buccaners fought their way to their boats, amid tumultuous war-cries and shouts of derision and exultation. In spite of their haste, they were prudent enough to carry with them some rich Spaniards, intending to exchange them for any of their own men they might lose in their retreat. On regaining their ships they compelled these prisoners to send them as a ransom 500 cows, with which they revictualled their ships for the passage back to Jamaica. They had scarcely well weighed anchor before they saw 600 mounted Spaniards dash down to the shore in the hopes of arresting their retreat. A few broadsides were the parting greetings of these unwelcome visitors. This expedition was accomplished in eight days. The booty consisted of coined money and bullion amounting to about 40,000 cr. w.s. Esquemeling computes it at 4000 pieces of eight, and in ready money, plate, and jewels to about 50,000 pieces of eight more.

Our space will not permit us to follow further

the fortunes of these daring and lawless adventurers; but the specimens we have given will open to the reader a tempting prospect of the amusement in store for him in these three volumes—only from one-half of the first have these extracts been taken. The rest at least equals, if it does not surpass in interest, that which we have cited; but it is not so convenient for selection, as the narratives there take more of the form of biography. Mr. Thornbury has performed his task with commendable diligence and the skill of an artist, and has produced certainly the most interesting book of the season—out of the circle of the War literature.

The Fibrous Plants of India fitted for Cordage, Clothing and Paper; with an Account of the Cultivation and Preparation of Flax, Hemp, and their Substitutes. By J. FORBES ROYLE, M.D. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE price of paper is becoming serious. There is an increasing demand with a limited supply of the material. The Russian war has made the production of hemp, for manufacturing purposes, a question of immediate moment. Dr. Royle has made a valuable contribution, not to science only, but the progress of civilisation itself, by the investigations recorded in this volume. He has been indefatigable in his researches throughout the huge Indian territory, into the materials it produces fitted for the manufactures of which fibrous plants are the constituents. Now with respect to paper the difficulty is this. The material must be something almost worthless, because it is now made of cast-off rags, which have already done duty and are rendered worthless. The cost of growing must therefore be very trifling, and the cost of carriage less. These two elements of price have not yet been found in combination in any of the materials suggested, except straw, and we do not think that Dr. Royle has solved the problem. But it is otherwise with materials for clothing and weaving. These will afford a price for the raw material which paper will not. Here Dr. Royle has done good service, by showing that India can produce an unbounded supply of all that is required for all the purposes for which flax and hemp are now used. To those who are interested in the subject, and especially to manufacturers, we heartily recommend the study of this volume, which possesses also great attractions and value for the naturalist, to whom it will convey much new and curious information. It will be a standard book, though on a topic of temporary interest.

Woman and her Master: a History of the Female Sex from the Earliest Period. By Lady MORGAN. 2 vols. London: Bryce.

IN the lack of new books, for which copyright prices must be paid, publishers unwilling to speculate beyond the printer's bill are casting about for old books that have achieved popularity, but which exist more in fame than in memory. Such a book is Lady Morgan's *Woman and Her Master*, known by name probably to every reader, but with whose pages few of this generation have made a personal acquaintance. It is a smart book, just such as is now the fashion; and, as its theme is of enduring interest, Mr. Bryce will probably find a reprint of it, in two handsome volumes, a profitable enterprise. Lady Morgan was heartily abused for it on its first appearance, especially by *Blackwood*; but it also found many warm admirers. The opinion of our generation will probably be between the extremes; and they will pronounce it a clever and pleasant book—not very profound, nor showing much research or extraordinary power of reflection; but sensible in substance and sparkling in manner. Lady Morgan sketches the fate of woman in savage life, and then, chronologically, among the Hebrews, the ancients, and in Rome. They who have not read it will embrace this opportunity for doing so.

The first part of a *Genealogical and Heraldic Dictionary of the Landed Gentry of Great Britain and Ireland*, by Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King-at-Arms, is designed to be a companion volume to his famous "Peerage and Baronetage," and a necessary portion of that curious gathering of the origins and histories of the somebodies in the United Kingdom. Mr. Burke is a marvel of industry, and this work is a miracle of research. Here is the name of every country gentleman (properly entitled to be so called—and some who are not), his age, family, abode, and ancestors, for we know not how many generations. As a work of reference, it is as necessary as the "Peerage" in every household—nay, more so. There are several "Peerages,"—there is only one "Landed Gentry."

Passing Thoughts, by James Douglas, of Cavers, is the title given to a collection of Essays on different subjects, viz., Goethe, Rousseau, Humboldt, Italy, Cousin, and Grecian History. They are not marked by any novelty of thought; but they are sensible in their substance and graceful in their form.

The Reorganisation of the Civil Service is a pamphlet suggested by the cry for Administrative Reform, written by a subordinate therein. Of course with him the great grievance is favouritism. It is the pervading grievance in all things public and private; it is such in all countries, despotic, constitutional, and democratic; and it was so at all times—from which we conclude that it is an evil that has its roots in our human nature; and, desirable as such a consummation would be, we doubt much if the time will ever come when men will prefer strangers, however worthy, to their family and their friends. We doubt even, if the writer of this pamphlet had a place in his gift, and his son wanted a berth, he would give it to his clerk or his footman, in preference to his son, even though he might be ten times more competent for the post. We are all administrative reformers in theory; we all desire the right men in the right places, except when that involves the exclusion of ourselves and our families.

The War, its Character and its Fatality, is a foolish pamphlet, attributing our reverses and the dangers that are rising up around us, not to the ignorance and pride which made us rush into a war without knowing the power and resources of the enemy, and with a ridiculous braggadocio that deserved rebuke, but to Catholic Emancipation.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

Blackwood is more than usually full of matter this month. The first part of a political and historical inquiry into "The Imperial Policy of Russia" (evidently editorial), opens the number; in which, by an array of authorities ranging from Voltaire to Tourgueneff that power is convicted of a policy eminently aggressive. In this one sentence lies the whole essence of the article:—"Ever since the time of Peter, the imperial policy of Russia has come upon Western Europe like the unhealthy breath of an east wind." The romantic story of "Zakdee" progresses, and the amusing notes upon Canada and North America are continued. Our old friend Eusebius is once more heard delivering instructive garrulity *de omnibus rebus*, under the suggestive title of "Once upon a Time." A carefully-written article upon "Modern Light Literature,"—Division "Theology" (fancy classing Theology among Light Literature!) handles the Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice somewhat severely. The life-like "Story of the Campaign," which has hitherto been so eagerly read and so deeply admired, is continued. Then follows a political review of Lord Aberdeen's Government, entitled "Two Years of the Condemned Cabinet," and which sums up its arguments in the epigrammatic and scathing sentence, that "Peelism is Russianism." An article upon "Administrative Reform as required in the Civil Service" points out where reform is really wanted, and warns the nation against too sweeping conclusions born of partial and perhaps doubtful facts. This concludes the number.

The Dublin University Magazine opens with an article founded upon Alison's fourth volume, and entitled "Twenty-five Years Ago," reviewing the troubles and agitations by which the country was convulsed during the last movement for Reform: the topic is ominous. The islands of the Pacific, and a new work by Sir George Grey, late Governor-in-chief of New Zealand, have suggested a readable article entitled "Polynesia;" and the series of Irish Dramatic Writers is continued in the shape of a review of the life and writings of Sheridan. A notice of the works of Napoleon III. is written in a spirit favourable, upon the whole, to the Imperial author, and concludes with the sanguine expectation that—"We may hope that the strong intellect of Napoleon III. will lead him to results which good men would wish to see accomplished." An article, at once erudite and amusing, upon the "Ballads of Spain, their Age and Origin," is then given, and a complimentary survey of the "Universities of Germany." A new story, called "Alberico Porro," a tale of the Milanese Revolution in 1848, makes its appearance. A political article, strongly inimical to the present Government, concludes the number.

Bentley's Miscellany opens with a rambling, scambling sort of politico-social medley, entitled "How we are getting on." An article upon the character and life of the present Czar; and then some gossip about Naples, by Zero (interest nearly ditto). Then follows a paper, evidently written either by a Russian in disguise or a member of the Peace party, throwing our Indian annexations in our teeth as beams to prevent us casting out the motes from the eye of the Czar. A sketch of the late proceedings at Sebastopol, Kertch, and the Sea of Azof, evidently dished up out of the daily papers; some excellent criticism upon Roman statuary, called "The Vatican by Torchlight;" a paragraph upon administrative reform; a paper about the Mormons; an historical account of "Kertch and the Cimmeric Bosphorus;" a lively anecdote from the pen of Dudley Costello; and a review of Leigh Hunt's writings, make up the number. The literature of *Bentley's Miscellany* decidedly gives significance to its title.

The new number of the *Irish Quarterly Review* preserves the same features which have recommended it

to a wide popularity. It is pre-eminently amusing. Its topics are selected with taste and treated with ability. Almost every paper is readable. Thus, it opens with a review of "The Poets of America," to whom ample justice is done. The elaborate biography of John Banian is continued. "Odd Books" is the attractive title of another essay. "The Romance of Life, the Count of Monte Christo," is one of the

papers on French literature in which this review has shown itself so excellent. "Sheil's Life" is another of the same class, and the letter from the Paris correspondent is as gay as his theme.

The fifth part of the *English Bible* (Blackader) is a publication of the Scriptures on a new and very convenient plan. The notes are placed in columns by the side of the text they illustrate, and they give the

most remarkable variations of the ancient versions, and the chief results of modern criticism.

The *Family Economist* has issued the second volume of its new series. It contains a great deal of useful domestic information; but would it not be better if tales and light essays, and such like inappropriate matter, were omitted, and the work made what it professes to be?

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC ABROAD.

How *Walpurgisnacht* was celebrated last May on the Hartz mountains, we have received no certain intelligence; our "own correspondent" was shut out, as he writes; but we suspect that he was at Baden-Baden, or water-drinking elsewhere. Doubtless, however, the Blocksberg was well attended, and doubtless the dancing was kept up to an early hour. Pigs, it is said, can see the wind; and he who had eyes of sufficient optical power on that night might have seen the "secret, black and midnight hags," mounted on broomstick, and scudding through the air, intent on being in time to sup hell-broth with Satan and chat with his friend Beelzebub. Where the wisp of straw was not kindled on that evening, by the provident dairy-maid or peasant, the milk was sour or the beer was sour, the cow dropped her calf, the farm-horse was found lame in the morning, or a pet child was found sick of fever. We are about to let the courteous reader know how it came to pass that witches and warlocks, and evil spirits many, who of yore were bottled up and sealed down by a powerful magus, were let loose upon the world again to plague and bamboozle it. We have seized upon a Russian account of the story. We consider that we have as good right, when worth the capture, to make prize of Russian literature, as her Majesty's "Bulldogs," "Spitfires," and "Vixens" have to seize on Russian merchantmen. We have this advantage over the blockading squadron, that we can seize upon Russian property literary on its passage through Germany. The *Kavkaz* (the "Caucasus," a Russian periodical) has an article on the Caucasian Blocksberg, which we have intercepted, under Prussian colours at Berlin, in the columns of a contemporary. And now for the story—a story in the child's sense of the word, albeit it is a longer one than we are in the habit of making extract of. In an ancient Georgian manuscript it is set forth, that—

Once upon a time three travellers, overtaken by night, rested on the bank of a river. In the name of God they cast a net into the river, and drew three fishes out of the water, which they cut into small pieces, put into a kettle, and, after they had kindled a fire, began to cook them. When the fish were done and the kettle was taken off the fire, the wise Solomon—for the travellers were no other than the wise Solomon, the queen his wife, and a servant—held the following discourse. "Every one calls me the prop of wisdom, the crown of understanding; and yet I feel great doubts of it, when I think of the dream I had last night. Methought a man slept upon my bed; at his head grew an apple-tree with ripe fruit upon it, and at his feet another laden with apples. If this is true, then one of these fishes must come to life again, to confirm my vision." And O wonder! the water in the kettle began to bubble, a fish leapt out, and instantly disappeared in the river. After the wise Solomon had ended his words, the turn came to his servant. He knelt before the king and spake to him as follows:—"Thou hast brought me up, and with thy favour and beneficence hast laden me so that to this hour I never have had a black day; but a presentiment troubles me, that thy murder is at hand, that some one threatens thy good fortune. If my surmise is well-founded, then may one of the two other fishes come to life again, and follow his companion, whom thy word hath revived." And so it came to pass; the fish sprang out of the kettle, dived into his element, and now one only remained in the kettle. At this moment, the "sunlike" queen was taken suddenly ill and swooned away; they hastened to her assistance, and rubbed her breast with rose-water. By-and-by she came to herself, and in answer to the king's question; who had brought her to life?—she replied:—"Thou art free to slay me on the spot; I have betrayed thee; and thou, the wisest of the wise, to this moment hast been unknowing of my infidelity. For the last twelve years I have been in love with the 'Island-king'; the truth of my assertion the dead fish will confirm." And in truth the third fish leapt out of the water, and the kettle was now empty. "Call Kundsulel (*Island-king*), chief of the devils, before me," thundered Solomon, and in an instant he

stood before him. "I have a word to say to thee," spake the wisest of mortals, "which will be exactly to thy liking. I have an iron coffer: if thou canst succeed in filling it with thy subjects, then the queen shall be thine!" This proposal filled the Island-king with delight; immediately he called his people together—every one to the last. For three days and three nights long the stream poured into the wonderful coffer, but yet it was not filled to the brim. "Get in thyself," spake Solomon to the Island-king; "then the queen shall follow thee, thy beloved, the prize of thy victory." Scarcely had the demon leapt into the coffer when Solomon shut the lid and put his seal upon it; the vessel was firmly locked, bound round crosswise with a rope, and cast into the depths of the sea. From that day the power of the wicked ones was at an end, and fifteen hundred years passed away without these malicious spirits once stirring. But it was not to be that the earth should always be spared these scourges. It came to pass that certain fishermen, who had thrown their nets into the sea, drew up the fatal coffer, brought it ashore, and broke it open, hoping to find treasure within it. Immediately thousands and thousands of demons streamed out of it; those that fell into the water became rulers of this element, or water-sprites; others, that gained the woods and settled there, appear as wood-demons or satyrs; whilst others chose for their abode mountains, and chasms, and dens, and caves under ground. And so the earth was covered with evil spirits, who from that time have never left it.

This veritable history, so far, will remind the reader of Scheherazade's famous tale in the "Thousand and One Nights." Plague take the greedy fishermen! Since devils, however, abound, let us make the most of them. The Georgian peasant accepts the above tale as gospel. He believes that evil spirits, in form invisible, hover continually around him, and feels that it becomes his duty to defend himself against their malice. It is held for certain that some as gay gallants make love to maidens, and that some as maidens fair make love to men. Popular superstition sees in decrepit and ugly old women those who have entered into alliance with Satan, and asserts that they are provided with a tail. These are called *Kudianebi*, that is, witches or enchantresses. From the superstition arises a curious ceremony among the Georgians. As it is fully believed that the Kudianebi meet together once a year on the eve of Maundy-Thursdays, to keep their Sabbath on Mount *Jalbus* (*Elborus*), every householder provides himself with a large wisp of straw, to which he sets fire on this evening, to protect himself and his household against their evil designs. Every one must jump over the flames three times at least, pronouncing exorcisms, and amidst the discharge of fire-arms. In villages further precaution is taken against evil spirits by barring the doors and windows with twigs of sweet-briar. The *Jalbus* is the Blocksberg of the Circassians. In one of the caves of this mountain languishes the fearful prisoner, the giant Amiran, who, according to God's will, has lain there in chains from time immemorial; and these iron chains are so strong that no power on earth or above the earth is able to break them. In the cave along with him is his dog, the only friend that shares his imprisonment. The faithful animal licks incessantly the fetters of his master, and long since would have wasted them away, but that yearly, on Maundy-Thursdays, the smiths of Georgia smite three times upon the anvil, and the links of the chain, in consequence, regain their original thickness. The poor giant and the witches came, no doubt, to the *Jalbus* together. But, whereas the witches of the German Blocksberg ride upon brooms, the witches of the *Jalbus* ride upon cats, and carry off such imprudent people as have not set fire to the protective wisp of straw—the *Tschia-Kokona*.

War does not, ought not at least, to disturb the courtesies of literature. Dogs may possibly, in the language of good Dr. Watts, "delight to bark and bite," and it is certainly true that authors now and then "growl and fight;" but it

is seldom that bones are broken. Perhaps neither dogs nor authors can avoid an occasional bickering. What we mean is, that, though one half of Europe may be shaking its fist in the face of the other half, mutual obligations may, notwithstanding, be acknowledged. We have honestly stolen from Russian sources all about Solomon's coffer and Amiran and his dog, and by way of recompense, we inscribe the name of a Russian literate. Nikolai Grigorjewitsch Frolov, the translator into his own language of "Kosmos," and a zealous cultivator of natural and physical science, died at Moscow about the beginning of the present year. He was born in 1812, and his father, a major-general in the army, fell the same year, in the battle of Polozk. Young Nikolai was educated for the military service, but his great desire was to obtain an intimate knowledge of the sciences. After five years' service he had leave to gratify his wishes. He studied a year at Dorpat, and afterwards travelled abroad. He returned to Russia in 1847, to superintend the printing of his translation of "Kosmos." His greatest wish was to introduce to the Russian public the results of the labours of Humboldt, Ritter, and others, in physical geography. With this view he started and edited a periodical called "Magazine of Geography and Travel," of which three volumes have appeared. On this publication he spared neither labour nor expense, and even on his death-bed corrected the proof of the last sheet of the third volume.

In Italy the "critic" is quite "abroad." He witnesses a huge consumption of macaroni, and crowds rushing to the opera; he enters the bookseller's shop, and finds a quantity of dust and numbers of superannuated French novels, perhaps a new impression of one of Alfieri's dramas. Reprints of books not in the "Index" are tolerated. One fears to write a good book, lest it should get into the "Index." Slip-slop verses, intended for poetry, are plentiful as olives, and quite as agreeable. Don't offend the Church; don't have a sly hit at the clergy; don't use a straw to tickle certain demure and apparently unobservant individuals called Jesuits; and, above all, don't whisper the initial even of the goddess Liberty, and all will be well. Two countries are fearfully retrograde in literature—Italy and Spain: neither produce; both tinker and cobble; both subsist on a past reputation; both want articulate speech. From Florence we have, for instance, not a classic, but a reproduction of a very old book attributed to Gersen—*Della Imitazione di Christo, di Giovanni Gersenio, abate, &c., in Vercelli, dall' anno 1220-1240*. Bibliographers have not yet determined who was the real author of this work. Then, by way of disproving the time-honoured proverb—proverbs, in fact, must be grey-haired before they can be admitted into genteel society—that "poets are born not made," one Angiolo Caterini has written a kind of guide-book to Parnassus—*L'Arte di componere Versi Italiani senz' essere poeti, &c.* in other words, "the art of writing a Purgatorio or a Hamlet without being a Dante or a Shakspeare." And why not such art? Somewhere in Thibet prayers are made by turning a wheel; and, not many years ago, an ingenious proposal was made to grind Latin hexameters as one grinds a barrel-organ: it is quite feasible enough—why not the art of making Italian or English verses without being a poet?

England had once her "merry monarch;" so had France—both famous in their way. Charles II. and Nell Gwyn have afforded material for more than one story; and so have Louis XI. and Agnes Sorel. Both these princes were fond of borrowing money, and both fond of spending it. One swore by "odds fish!" and the other by "la pique-dieu!" But we take it that, upon the whole, the Capet was a livelier and wittier man than the Stuart. Louis was fond of the chase and fond of books, active in

body and active in mind. He was, we must say, rather a fast young prince, and a great plague to his worthy father, Charles VII., who was obliged to get rid of him, giving him an agreeable residence at Genep or Genappe, a little town in Hainault, where he resided for five years. The *château* of the prince, tells us the old chronicler, Matthieu de Coucy, was surrounded by water, in a magnificent country, and very pleasant for hunting and hawking. Here, when the pleasurable toils of the day were over, Louis surrounded himself with a company of good fellows, who did more than discuss haunches of venison and tope full beakers of Burgundy. Around the jovial board, and in winter before the blazing hearth, they told tales—many of them, however, not quite fit to be repeated in these days. Louis made a collection of them, under the title of *Les cent nouvelles nouvelles*—a curious monument of ancient French literature, which has gone through many editions, and in these latter months has again appeared under the superintendence of M. Le Roux de Lincy. In composition the *nouvelles nouvelles* are far superior, and far more cleanly than the tales of *L'Heptameron*, of Margaret of Navarre; nevertheless, some of them would appear all the better for a little use of soap and water. The present editor indicates the authors of the different tales. He who is read in Boccaccio will divine their character. We are not aware that any of them have appeared in English dress, and therefore we venture upon presenting the indulgent reader with a sample of the store. We take the "Sot in Paradise," not as the best story, but as being one of the shortest. We regret that we cannot give an example of the quaint language of the original.

It happened lately, in a good town of Holland, that the prior of the Augustines was taking his evening walk and saying his hours not far from St. Anthony's chapel, which is situated in a wood not far from the said town, when he met in with a great clumsy Dutchman, drunk to a marvel, who had his residence in the town of Hestevellighes, not far from there. The prior, seeing him coming towards him, knew at once what was the matter with him by his awkward and unsteady gait. When one and the other met, the drunken man first saluted the prior, who gave him a good evening, and then wished to pass on and continue his devotions; but the drunken man would not have it so, and ran after the prior, begging that he would confess him. "Confession!" said the prior; "get along, get along, you are well confessed." "Alas! sir," said the sot, "for God's sake confess me; I have a very good memory of all my sins, and am perfectly contrite." The prior, displeased at being hindered in this fashion, replied: "Get you gone; you are in very good condition." "Ah, me!" said the drunkard, "by God's death (par la mort dieu) you must confess me, Master Prior; and seizing him by the sleeve he stopped him. The prior would not hear him, and wished much to proceed on his way; but nothing would do, the other was firm in his devotion, and would be confessed, and the more the prior refused to hear him the more was his devotion. Finding that the prior would not hear him, he drew his blade and threatened the prior that he would kill him if he did not listen to his confession. The prior, fearing the knife and the perilous hand that held it, said to the other, "What wish you to say?" "I wish to confess to you," said he. "Very good, come hither," said the prior to the fellow, drunker than an owl in an ivy bush; and the latter began his devout confession, the subject of which I cannot tell you, as the prior as not told me; but depend upon it, that it was a queer one. When confession was ended, the prior wished to go on his way, and, giving our sot absolution, he said, "Get along, you are well confessed." "Are you sure?" said the Dutchman. "Truly, yes," replied the prior; "your confession is very good. Away, you have done no harm." "Well, then," said the drunkard, "since I have confessed and received absolution, should I not go to Paradise were I to die at this moment?" "No doubt of it," answered the prior. "Since such is the case," said the drunkard, "that I am now in good condition to go to Paradise, I should like to get there immediately;" and drawing his sword he presented it to the prior, praying that he would cut off his head and send him to Paradise. "Alack," said the prior, "I cannot do this; you shall get to Paradise in other fashion." "Not at all," said the sot, "I wish to go now, and you shall kill me instantly." "I cannot do so," said the prior, "a priest never kills anybody." "By God's death, sir, you shall send me instantly to Paradise, or with my two hands I will slay you;" and here he brandished his weapon over the head of the frightened prior, who, bethinking himself after a little, took the proffered sword. "Now," said he, "as you wish to die by my hands and go to Paradise, kneel before me." The drunkard did not hesitate; with some difficulty he dropped upon his knees, folded his hands, and bowed his head, believing that instant death attended him. The prior, with the back

of the sword, dealt a great and heavy blow upon the neck of the sot, who fell to earth as dead, and believed that he was in paradise. Here the prior left him, and, for greater security, did not forget to take the weapon along with him; and, as he went on his way, he met a wagon with its people. . . . He told these what had happened, begging them that they would take him into their charge, presenting them with his sword. They had not gone far before they alighted on the drunkard, who was lying with his face to the ground, and all at once they called him by his name; but they cried in vain—he would give no answer. Again they cried, but nothing would he speak. Then they dismounted from the wagon, took him by neck and heels, and threw him into it. It was now that he opened his eyes and spake. "Leave me alone," he said; "I am dead." "Not at all," said his companions; "you must go with us." "No," said the drunkard, "I am dead, and already in Paradise." "You must come with us," said the others; "we must have something to drink." "Drink!" said he, "I shall drink no more, for I am dead and gone." Nothing that his companions could say could put it out of his head that he was dead. . . . "Then, since you are dead, we shall take you to the churchyard and bury you like a Christian." When the drunkard heard that they must bury him before he could ascend into Paradise, he was content to obey them. . . . The wagon was well horsed, and they soon arrived at the town of Hestevellighes, where they deposited the drunken man before his own door. His wife and children were called to receive his corpse safe and sound, for he was fast asleep. Then they put him between two sheets, as for winding-sheets, and there he slept two days long.

The "Sot in Paradise" is by no means the best story in the collection, but it may serve as an illustration. The *Cent nouvelles nouvelles* first appeared in print in 1486, three years after the death of Louis XI. Many editions have since appeared; but this by M. le Roux de Lincy is the best. We have seen an edition of 1701, wherein the engravings are excellent, but wherein also the typography is wretched. M. Prosper Mérimée appears to have always the pen between his fingers. What he writes he generally writes well. He has recently written an introduction to a small volume of tales and popular songs common to modern Greece, written by a young Athenian, Marino Vreto, who writes the French as purely as Henry Stephens wrote Greek. The collection will prove interesting to all who take pleasure in folk-lore and popular stories.

There is no keeping the ladies at home now. They will travel. They will gad about—now in the desert, now in the jungle. They will ride on camels, mount elephants, and face tigers. They will ascend the Nile to its cataracts, and climb the pyramids of Gizeh. We should not be surprised to hear that one of the adventurous of the sex had set out in pursuit of the South Pole. At all events, Madame Léonie d'Aunet has gone a long way towards the North Pole—as far as Spitzbergen—for which fact see *Voyage d'une Femme au Spitzberg*, another book for railway travellers. Madame d'Aunet, that is to say, Madame Biard, for she carries an *alias*, would leave her comfortable apartments in Paris, and would go to see real, not panoramic, icebergs; and, when she has safely returned to her boudoir, she relates all her adventures. The book is attracting. Another traveller, of the opposite sex, M. Ubicini, has been in Turkey, and has much to tell us about Constantinople, its dogs, its dirt, its bazaars and harems. *Turquie actuelle* is its title.

Foreign Books recently published.

[Where prices are given the franc has been valued at a shilling, and the thaler at three shillings, as in importing books duty and carriage have to be reckoned.]

FRANCE.

- La Fiancée de Besançon*. A. Devoille. 2 vols. Paris. 18mo. 2s.
Histoire de Jenn de Culais, sur de nouveaux mémoires. Avignon. 18mo.
Les Matinées du Louvre: Paradoxes et rêveries: Entretiens de salon. Méry. Paris. 18mo. 3s. 6d.
Le Mutile. La Belle Cordière et ses trois amoureux. X. B. Saintine. Paris. 18mo. 3s. 6d.
Les chants de l'armée française. (A collection of songs, composed for the most part for the use of each arm, and preceded by an "Historical Essay on the military songs of the French.") The music by Georges Kastner; the words by Francis Maillan. Paris. 4to.
Histoire de Russie. A. De Lamartine. 2 vols. Paris. 8vo. 10s.
Chroniques italiennes. Stendhal (Henry Beyle). Paris. 18mo. 3s.

Mémoires d'un vieux garçon. A. de Gondrecourt. Paris. fol.

Recherches sur les antiquités de la Russie méridionale et des côtes de la mer Noire. Count Alexis Ouravoff. (With plates representing views, monuments, inscriptions, coins, &c.) Paris: V. Masson. fol. 3l.
Cours d'agriculture et d'hydraulique agricole (containing the general principles of rural economy and the régime des eaux in the interest of agriculture). Paris. 8vo.

Histoire de Paris et de son influence en Europe. (History of Paris and of its influence in Europe, from the remotest times). S. A. Meindre. Vol. V. Paris. 8vo.

GERMANY.

Bayerische Sagen und Bräuche. (A contribution to German mythology). Friedrich Panzer. Vol. II. Munich. 8vo.

Kunst und Leben der Vorzeit, &c. (Ancient Art and Life from the beginning of the middle ages to that of the nineteenth century, in sketches from original pictures, &c.) Dr. A. v. Eye. Nuremberg. 4to.
Toldi: Poetische Erzählung, &c. (Toldi: a poem in twelve cantos, from the Hungarian.) J. Arany. Pesth. 16mo. 1s. 6d.

Zur deutschen Mythologie. (German Mythology. Odin.) W. Menzel. Stuttgart. 8vo. 6s. 6d.

Erlich der Vierzehnte. (Eric XIV., a tragedy in five acts, translated from the Swedish of Björjesson, by A. v. Winterfeld.) Berlin. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

ITALY.

Canti popolari Corsi. (A second edition of the popular Songs of Corsica). Bastia. 12mo.

FRANCE.

Œuvres de Chapelle et de Bachaumont. ("Works of Chapelle and Bachaumont.") New edition, with a Notice by M. TENANT DE LATOUR. Paris: Jannet. 1855.

In the present day, when collaboration is quite as common among authors as independent publication, a volume bearing upon its title-page the evidence of a double paternity excites little or no curiosity; we take it almost as a matter of course, and judge the whole in its entirety, without troubling ourselves very much to discover which is the Beaumont or which the Fletcher of the partnership. Two hundred years ago the case was widely different; it was then as rare as now it is common to see a brace of authors presenting themselves before the public cap in hand, claiming the honours of a joint production. The individuality of the author, and the individuality of style, were then the great desiderata with all who wielded the pen—conditions which are both utterly incompatible with the system of collaboration. Still the experiment was occasionally attempted in France as well as in our own country, and among the various instances to be cited, one of the most successful and celebrated was certainly the *Journey* of Chapelle and Bachaumont.

In point of fact (as M. de Latour very justly observes), what was more natural than that these friends and travelling companions should write the little literary gem which bears their joint names? The journey was of slight duration; it was quite a party of pleasure; the road lay through some of the most picturesque scenery in France; lastly, our authors had the love of writing upon them, and, to crown all, they thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Infinitely worse and much more ponderous books have been written upon far less provocation.

A word or two to begin with upon the authors themselves. Chapelle was an *enfant d'amour*; father, a certain M. François Lullier, a highly respectable gentleman, councillor of the Parliament of Metz, and the rest of it; mother, a poor girl, not particularly distinguished, and named Marie Chanut; she brought him into the world in 1626, at La Chapelle-Saint-Denis, from whence he took the sobriquet of Chapelle, and bore it even after his father had recognised him, and authorised him to bear the family name. Biographers refer to him as Claude Emanuel Lullier, called Chapelle. He was educated in Paris, and became a pupil of Gassendi, who was attracted to him by his remarkable ability. For college chums and class companions, he had the celebrated traveller and philosopher Bernier, and the great Molière. Such an education might have reasonably been expected to turn his mind to serious pursuits. Not so, however. Frivolous tastes, love of pleasure, and the follies of youth, carried into extreme, lodged him at an early age within the prison of St. Lazare, where he had time and opportunity for a little grave reflection upon the folly and fruitlessness of his career. When he was twenty-six years old, his father

died; and, although unwilling, on account of his dissipated habits, to leave him any large command over money, he still provided him with an income, which has been variously estimated at from four to eight thousand francs annually. Even the smaller sum, at the then value of money in France, was sufficient to live upon decently, and like a gentleman. From that time he lived an idle life, mixing principally in literary society, and admitted even into the very highest circles, mainly through his elegant accomplishments and charming powers of conversation. Endowed by nature with a very fine quality of wit, a capacious mind which education had stored with the treasures of learning, a lively imagination, a refined taste, and the faculty of talking well, Chapelle was a general favourite. Superadding to the qualities of a literary man the ornaments of wit and good breeding, we are not surprised to find him constantly associating with such as D'Efflat, the Duc de Vendôme and De Vardes: both the Sullys, the Duc de Nevers, and the Abbé Chaulieu, also admitted him into their intimacy. His literary companions and daily associates were Boileau, Racine, Molière, and Segrais. Of the habits of this literary *écénacé* some notion may be gathered from the following anecdote:—One evening, after a supper at Molière's home, at Auteuil, the guest, who had been engaged in a long philosophic discussion upon the miseries of life, arose with one accord, resolved to throw themselves into the Seine, and would have carried out their determination, with Chapelle at their head, if Molière had not awaked just at the nick of time, and persuaded them to wait until the sun could light them to so brilliant a piece of heroism. In his commerce with the great Chapelle seems to have invariably preserved an admirable independence of behaviour. The Duc de Brissac once asked him to spend some time with him at his estates in Anjou. On the road they stopped at Angers, and Chapelle went to dine with an old friend, who was canon of the Cathedral there. Next morning he waited upon the Duc and told him that it was impossible to accompany him any further, and that he was resolved to return to Paris. On being pressed for his reasons he stated that in the Canon's house he had picked up an old Plutarch, in which he had read, that "whoso follows the great becomes a slave." The Duc de Brissac attempted to reason with him, assuring him that he should always be absolute master of his own actions so long as he was his guest; but Chapelle answered—"Plutarch is right after all," and returned to Paris.

But, although he frequented good company, this vagabond poet and wit never weaned himself of his love for the tavern and the wine-shop. Frequenting *cabarets* was thought as ill of in the reign of Louis XIV. as it is now, and the man who got the reputation of it was held in as little estimation as a *coureur de cafés* of the present day. This bad habit was very distressing to the friends and well-wishers of Chapelle, and one day Boileau, meeting him in the streets, took upon himself to speak very seriously about it. The story goes on to relate that Chapelle was very much struck with the cogency of his friend's arguments. "You are quite right; I must really act differently, and give up this abominable habit." Despréaux was delighted. "Yes, yes," continued Chapelle, "what you say is perfectly true; but let us go in here and sit down, and we can discuss the subject more at length." So saying, he pushed his friend into a cabaret close at hand. Wine was brought; they drank it; another bottle succeeded, and then another; yet still they continued upon the same subject,—Despréaux always preaching, and Chapelle always promising,—until they both became so drunk that it was found necessary to carry them home.

As for Chapelle's travelling companion, François le Coigneux, Seigneur de Bachaumont, very little seems to be known about him, except from his association with his brilliant friend. He was the second son of the President le Coigneux, whose name is conspicuously known in connection with the Fronde. His elder brother succeeded the father, and Bachaumont was provided with a clerkship. He was fond of literature; but, with the exception of his share in the "Voyage," appears to have done nothing beyond a few epigrams against Mazarin and some amatory sonnets to his mistresses. These are printed in the present volume, with some fugitive pieces by Chapelle. But Bachaumont has a much stronger title to fame than these literary trifles, for he it was who accidentally gave to the partisans of the

daring De Retz and the Parliament the *sobriquet* of "Frondeurs." One morning, when talking with a number of them, he said that they were behaving like schoolboys, who played with slings (*frondes*) when the police were out of the way, and ran away directly they were found out. Henceforth the opponents of Mazarin called themselves *frondeurs*, and wore slings in their hats as symbolical of their opinions. Bachaumont married Mme de Lambert, whose works (notably the "Advice of a Mother to her Daughter") have formed the subject of remark in a former volume of the *Caric*, when noticing M. Vinet's lectures upon French literature.

The "Voyage" of Chapelle and Bachaumont is simply an account, in mingled prose and rhyme, of an excursion to the Baths of Encausse in the Pyrenees during the autumn of 1656. It was originally written in the form of letters to a friend whom they had left behind in Paris. There is no design, no pretension about the work, further than to be a light and sparkling diary of their progress through France.* The true student of national manners will at once perceive the value of such a recital, emanating from such pens. The name of the friend who received the letters was the Comte de Broussin, a gentleman who had the reputation of being a wit and a good liver. In the life of Boileau it is noted as an occurrence that when the great satirist had given a very choice dinner to some friends Broussin pronounced it to be *faultless*. Let us now act as the worthy Count did probably with some rich dish at Boileau's feast, and pick the best pieces out of the dish before us.

It was at Bourg-la-Reine (write the two travellers) that "our tears ceased and our appetite began. But the country air had such an effect upon the latter that it became very pressing at Antoni, and quite unbearable at Long-Jumeau."

It was impossible to go on without appeasing it at a fountain, whose waters seemed as clear and fresh as possible.

There two plump partridges we drew
From golden crusts of loaves quite new
(Wherein they snugly had been pack'd),
Which we with hungry haste attack'd.
But, us to punish for our greed,
They with our stomachs disagreed.

You will not easily believe that such good digestions as ours could be disturbed by two cold partridges: such, however, was the fact. We were unwell until we reached Saint-Euverte, where we slept on the second day after our departure.

Here it seems that a certain M. Boyer ought to have joined them, for they waited for him several days in vain:—

But we found means to spend some very pleasant hours, enjoying the conversation of the Bishop of Orleans, whom we had the honour to see very often, and whose society was exceedingly agreeable. Those who know him say that he is one of the most honest men in France. . . . We generally passed our evenings on the banks of the Loire, and our afternoons, when the heat was at its greatest, in the parts of the forest bordering the road to Paris.

As M. Boyer did not join them, it became necessary to go on without him, and they accordingly passed on to Blois. Here they dined with the President Le Bailleur, of whose housekeeping they give a very good account.

His table was laid in the best possible style; not a single crumb of bread was suffered to stay upon the cloth. Glasses well rinsed, and of all sorts of shapes, sparkled upon the sideboard, and ice was provided in abundance. . . . The saloons were decorated for the ballet in the evening; all the beauties of the town had been invited, and all the fiddles of the province scraped together for the amusement of Madame Le Bailleur. . . . But neither the good company nor the amusement in preparation could prevent us from continuing our journey directly after dinner.

By Amboise and Fontallade our travellers journeyed on to Blaye, where they accepted the hospitality of the Marquis de Jouzac, who supplied them with a fresh stock of cold partridges and new bread. At Blaye they embarked upon

* Such of our readers as are envious in the curiosities of our own literature will remember Dr. Harrington's singular production, "Drunken Barnaby." This, it will be remembered, was written in doggerel English and Latin rhymes, and professed to be an itit errary through certain rural districts of England. There is, however, just this difference between the two works, that the authors of the one were gentlemen, and "Drunken Barnaby" what his name imports: the one is made up of excursions from pot-house to pot-house, the other from chateau to chateau. The celebrated lines about the "Puritane one" who was caught

"A hanging of his cat on Monday
For killing of a mouse on Sunday,"
are taken from "Drunken Barnaby."

the Garonne in an open boat, which carried them to Bordeaux,

Within whose port more vessels ride
Than anywhere on earth beside.

Without lying, the river was so covered with them that our felucca could scarcely get to the shore. The fair, which is to take place in a few days, had attracted thither a vast quantity of ships and merchants of all nations, to buy the wines of the country. The merchants carry off from hence every year a terrible quantity of wine, but not the best; for we were informed that it is not only forbidden to sell them the best for exportation, but even to let them drink it in the cabarets.

A piece of Protectionist policy which would surprise even a Buckinghamshire political economist.

Our travellers here visit the Intendant, M. Talleman, of whose wife, although beautiful, they give a very sad account.

She, who once didn't know the use of cards, passes whole nights at *lansquenet*. All the ladies of the town have turned gamblers to please her; they visit her regularly; and whoever wishes to see a collection of beauties need only go there. Mademoiselle Du Pin is always there, to amuse those who don't play. Truly her conversation is so witty and elegant that I think they have the best of it. There it is that these Gascons learn how to behave themselves and talk well.

From Bordeaux to Agen, celebrated for the beauty of its women:—

Agén, that town for beauty famed;
The traveller who there doth rove,
Will surely feel his breast inflamed
With Cupid's darts, sly god of love.
They who approach thy fatal gate
And enter in had best beware;
For some have found, when all too late,
Though easy 'tis to enter there,
Imprisonment for life their fate,
If for one day its charms they dare.

The fabled palace of Armida was not so terrible. We found there M. de Saint-Luc, who had been there six months; Nort, who had been there four years; and D'Ortis, who had been there six weeks. It was from the last that we heard such an account of the enchantresses of Agén. He asked all the beauties of the town to supper, and everything that happened at that magnificent repast convinced us that we were in an enchanted place. In truth, these women are so beautiful that they surprised us, and they have so much wit that we had not a word to say. It is impossible to see them and preserve your freedom, and it is the fate of all who pass that way to leave their hearts, if they are permitted to leave the place, as hostages of their quick return.

Chapelle and Bachaumont were not, however, taken prisoners, for on the next day they gained Encausse, their journey's end. Of this place they say:—

We shall not trouble you with any lengthy description; except for its waters, which are excellent for the stomach, there is nothing very striking about it. It is at the foot of the Pyrenees, removed from all commerce, and the only amusement is to get your health again. A little brook, which flows at about twenty paces from the village, between willows and green meadows, was our only consolation.

After staying here some time, the Senechal d'Armagnac offered them the hospitality of his roof at Castille, where the excellent quality of the game is the only fact of importance noted by our travellers. Thence to Toulouse, where a feast given by the President de Marmiesse seems to have called for special commendation:

Never have we seen anything so splendid; and one would have thought that Toulouse, that place so celebrated for good cheer, had exhausted all its store in providing the dishes, if one of our friends had not on the morrow proved to us that the good things were not all exhausted.

At Grouille, the Comte d'Ambijoux received them very hospitably:

We found him in a little palace which he has built in the midst of his gardens, between the fountains and the wood, and which consists of three chambers, most charmingly painted and furnished. He sets this place apart for retirement with two or three of his most intimate friends; or, when he is alone, he is there with his books, not to speak of his mistress. . . . Although the park is very extensive, and contains a thousand spots, each more beautiful than the others, to walk about it, we passed whole days in a little island, planted and kept in order like a garden, in the midst of which, as if by miracle, a fountain rises to the level of the tall cypresses which surround it.

Their next halting-place was Narbonne, with which they seem to have been in an especial bad humour, evidently traceable to the floods which prevented them from continuing their journey. The following observation upon what was evidently intended for hospitality is certainly not very gracious:

Some gentlemen, whom we found walking in the great square, and who appeared to be the chief persons of the place, having heard of our misfortune, thought it a matter of honour to amuse us. They wished to show us all the sights of the town, and first of all conducted us to the cathedral, which they pretend to be a *chef-d'œuvre* for the loftiness and span of its arches; but all we can say is, that we haven't the slightest idea whether the architect has made them round, or square, or oval, or short, or tall; for, when we wished to thank God for our escape from danger, they would insist upon showing us a gloomy old painting of Lazarus coming half dead out of his grave, and looking as much like the Devil as Lazarus.

Muddy town of sinks and gutters,
Much our anger didn't thou raise;
Curses deep the traveller mutters,
Not a single word of praise.

Fit to be the winter quarters
Of a score of scurvy fellows;
Foul and ugly are thy daughters;
Sky to give a man the yellows.

Nothing beautiful in thy walls is,
Nothing even worth the taking,
Sav'ing agues, colds, and palsies,
Shaking, shivering, quivering, quaking.

After two days' disagreeable sojourn the floods subsided; and, with the water as high as the stirrup-leathers, they crossed the marshes to Beziers, a town and clean and agreeable as that which they had just quitted was the reverse. Thence, after crossing the Landes of Saint-Hubert, and tasting the luscious grapes of Lompian, they came to Montpellier, and so on to Nîmes, where they took time to examine those great and famous Roman remains of the Pont du Gard and the Amphitheatre. The next resting-place was Arles, of which they say:—

The admirable situation of this place attracts thither all the nobility of the country, and the ladies there are well-dressed, amiable, and handsome, but so covered with patches that they are evidently coquettes. They gave us leave to address them, although unknown; and we may say, without vanity, that in two hours' conversation we got on well enough to make some of the gentlemen jealous. In the evening they asked us to an assembly, where they treated us better still.

The beauty of the Arlesiennes is famous in France to this day.

On their way to Marseilles our travellers remark upon the number of villas (*bastides*) with which the champaign was covered; but, say they, "their number is more astonishing than their beauty, for they are all very small and very ugly." Of Marseilles itself they justly remark that its size, its riches, and its magnificence are so well known that a description of it would only be tedious. From thence, by Ciotat (famed for grapes), to Toulon, of which they say:—

It is built in an admirable situation, open towards the south, and sheltered on the north side by lofty mountains, which reach the clouds, and render its port the largest and the safest in the world.

Hyères is mentioned as the most charming place which they had visited since leaving Paris. Aix is graphically described as "a capital without a river, and whose outskirts are very disagreeable; but the interior is handsome, well-built, and abounds with good cheer." The good wines of Orgon come in for a word of praise, and our travellers find themselves at Avignon, the beauty of which proved so attractive that they stayed there two days. Here their letters to their good friend Broussin come to an end, although the last is dated from Lyons; "but," write they, "in truth, we are so tired of writing, that the pen falls from our fingers, albeit we have much to tell you of the beauties of Pont Saint-Esprit and the good wines of Condrieux and Côte-Rotie." So also does the pen fall from ours, and we take leave of this charming and instructive picture of provincial France under the Great Monarch before the patience of our readers is quite exhausted.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, June 29.

SINCE the date of my last communication Paris has undergone a perfect invasion of barbarians—Marseillais, and people from the south, with outlandish head-dresses, and speaking a kind of patois they fancy to be French, and are surprised at the natives not understanding; half civilised Gascons; bands of Auvergnats; peasants from Normandy in their blue blouses, sabots, and that white cotton night-cap immortalised by Béranger; and, more extraordinary than all the rest, the shabby-genteel population of small country towns, whose costumes, affectations, and pretensions to *ton*, render them one of the most amusing spectacles the eye of a true *badaud* could wish for. All these good people are brought to town to

see the Exhibition; but somehow or other, although that chaotic establishment is now in something like order, but few of our country friends are to be found within its walls, their time being almost entirely taken up in their laudable desire to explore every nook and corner of *La Capitale*. You stumble upon them at the corner of every street, gazing with open mouth and eyes at the houses and shops, and apparently bewildered by the din of the carriages, which contrasts so strangely with the death-like stillness which prevails from year's end to year's end in the "Krevinkels" of the provinces. Were your best caricaturists, Doyle, at present in Paris, he might reap a rich harvest of heads. As it is, Daumier and Cham have made a few happy hits; but Doyle is as much superior to the gentlemen who now wield the pencil at the *Chariari*

Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.

The Exhibition itself is in far better order than it was, as I have already stated; but somehow or other the spirit of disorganisation which has distinguished it from the first seems to have presided over its arrangement. The rays of the sun are as yet unintercepted by any awning, and when it rains, the visitors have to thank their stars that the rapacity of the company allows them to retain their umbrellas. Several of the Lyons houses have withdrawn their silks from the combined influences of the antagonistic elements. The refreshment department leaves also much to be desired; and the employés of the company, and exhibitors and their men, complain bitterly of the heavy toll the company levies on all devotees to the altar of Cloacina. To be forewarned is to be forearmed; therefore, I have now but to say "*avis au lecteur*."

Rossini, as you will have seen by the papers, is once more amongst us for the first time since the invasion of the cholera in 1832, when he quitted Paris in the general *sauve qui peut* of the day, in company with M. Rothschild, after which he settled near Bergamo, where he has ever since remained, affording gossiping news for the little Italian journals—the least veracious of the race—which is saying much. He finds Paris *triste* beyond expression, and yet he has been overwhelmed with attentions, not only by his old friends, whose ranks have been terribly thinned by time, but by their Majesties and the Aguado family, most of whom were old acquaintances in days of less brilliant fortune, and by the ephemeral great men among our officials who are buzzing round every celebrity of the day, to glitter with a little borrowed splendour. The dwellers in the noble faubourg have also been marked in their attentions, for the gran maestro was ever a sturdy Legitimist. But his shattered health scarcely permits him to receive even the few old friends he could still see with pleasure, and mixing with society he is obliged to decline altogether. The few fine days the late miserable weather has afforded us, he might be seen taking his daily stroll along his favourite promenade of former days, the Boulevard des Italiens; but, alas! what formerly rendered that haunt so dear no longer exists; the place of his Italian theatre, then the most aristocratic in the world, is usurped by the bourgeois Opera Comique, and the names he left, Pasta, Malibran, Pisaroni, Donzelli, Pellegrini!

Milos premet nox fabuleque Manes,
Et domus exilis Plutonia—

Rossini complains that he finds Paris altered. Alas! so it is! For him where is the sparkling spirit of Bayle, Nodier, Dubois, Chatelain, Moreau, and scores of other wits and critics by whom he was surrounded, and from whose incomparable powers of conversation he used to derive instruction as well as gaiety. These have all passed away, and yet people wonder how Rossini finds Paris changed for the worse. Could it be otherwise? For

These are gone, and gone with these,
The wine of life is on the lees.

This abundantly accounts for the fact that his coming to Paris has had little effect upon his malady—one of the worst features of which is deep mental depression, for the cure of which he has long looked on a visit to Paris as a last but certain resource.

You want a few words on Verdi's new opera, *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*. Well, on the whole it is a fair composition, but will add nothing to the reputation of the composer, although it contains some *morceaux* which neither he nor any other modern composers have surpassed. The *libretto* is poor in the extreme, being rather a prologue to the massacre than that catastrophe itself—which all the world, with that love of the horrible which I fear possesses everybody, though everybody abuses it, expected, and were terribly disappointed not to find. The *bad* part of the world say that the piece is an old production of Scribe's which he raked up from many portfolios, and has merely retouched. This is, however, not the case. It contains no trace of the writer's ancient *ceine*, but on the contrary bears indubitable marks of his declining powers, which have been painfully perceptible in all his late works. The fact is, authors and artists never know when to retire; and, as long as the reputation of their names will put a hundred pounds or so into their pockets, they care little how they drag it through the mud. With the exception of Mlle. Cruvelli, who sings the principal character with ravishing perfection, the cast of the opera is

poor—in fact, a disgrace to any leading theatre, particularly one which is in the receipt of 30,000 pounds a year as a subvention. This is in addition to the money taken at the doors, which all goes into the capacious fob of the lucky manager, M. Crosnier, who has been fortunate enough to acquire the favour of *Le Ministre d'Etat*, in whose gift this and other good things happen to be.

The Duke de Saxe Coburg's opera is in active rehearsal, and will be produced as a compliment to the Queen of England and Prince Albert on their expected visit in August. Roger has been engaged for the tenor part, and it will be doubtless done in the most splendid style. But this kind of compliment to the royal guests is of doubtful taste, seeing that the opera of their august relative is by no means calculated to excite enthusiasm. The idea, however, belongs to the director.

Of all literary crimes barefaced and wholesale plagiarism finds least indulgence among French *littérateurs*; and unless the unfortunate wight who has been caught poaching on his neighbour's grounds succeeds in operating a powerful diversion of opinion in his favour, his career as an author may be considered at an end. Some time since, M. Abont, already favourably known by a work on Modern Greece, *La Grèce Contemporaine*, which has been noticed in a former communication, published in the *Revue de Deux Mondes* a novel called *Tolla*.

Now, as misfortune would have it, one of those mischievous beings who are always poking their noses into old manuscripts and authors, the existence of whom the great majority of the public do not dream of, has discovered that M. Abont's novel of *Tolla* is almost a verbatim translation of a book published in Paris many years ago, called *Vittoria Savorelli, Istoria del Secolo XIX*. M. Abont has attempted a defence, which is remarkable only for the *sans façon* with which he meets the charge; but the literary Paul Pry who made this unwelcome discovery, M. Klazko, has taken the trouble to refute the refutation by publishing in juxtaposition something like one half of Mr. Abont's *Tolla*, and *Vittoria Savorelli*. M. Abont has many friends; and, as he is unquestionably a man of talent, he may, perhaps, succeed in retrieving his reputation; but *il aura bien du mal*.

As original literature is just now in a condition the reverse of flourishing, it would be rank injustice not to give certain translations that *mention honorable* to which they are clearly entitled. The most remarkable work of this description is unquestionably M. Louis Ratisbonne's translation of Dante, which is in verse; and although it were of course impossible to expect in a language so thoroughly "unpoetic" as the French a perfect idea of the beauty, vigour, and sublime poetry of the original, yet it is a great deal to have been able to present the public with an almost literal translation of the great Italian, in which, if beauty and elegance, and even poetry are wanting, the glorious ruggedness and power of Alighieri are adequately reproduced. One might, however, reproach M. Ratisbonne with attaching himself to render with, if possible, greater crudity than Dante himself, certain details which, to an Italian even of the present day, appear quite a matter of course. For instance the line

"Ed egli avea del cul fatto trombetta."

He renders with startling fidelity, thus:

"Se faisait en marchant de son—un clafiron."

The obnoxious word I have left in blank; but your readers will, I have no doubt, fill up the vacancy. This ultra-fidelity has made the book tabooed to a certain class of readers, to whom the work would have been extremely acceptable. I mean *les dames*, whom foolish custom thus deprives of a real intellectual treat.

This kind of pseudo-modesty, invented by custom, reminds me of a very sensible passage in one of Madame de Maintenon's letters. *La veuve Scarron* was, as you are aware, the presiding genius over the Institution of St. Cyr, then a school where the daughters of noblemen were educated—now (*quam mutata*) a training-school for French officers. It appears that some of these young ladies had an invincible repugnance to pronounce the word *culotte*—on account of its first syllable. This came to the ears of Madame la Marquise, who speedily undertook to remove these scruples, and, after reading them a severe lecture on modesty consisting in deeds not words, pointed out the absurdity of their not pronouncing the word *culotte*, while they had no hesitation in saying *curé*, which was liable to a similar objection.

The *Athénæum Français* states that in an old psalm-book one M. Hugon has discovered three miniatures by Raphael—the first represents St. Michael and the Devil; the second the "Annunciation;" the third the "Virgin and Infant Christ," under a canopy. These are all signed in the following fashion:—*RAPH. P. V. FL. F.*

Swedish literature has of late years occupied a respectable place in the literary hierarchy of Europe, as may be fairly proved by the number of translations in other European dialects. Few modern authors are better known in an English, French, and

German dress, than Frederika Bremer; and Andersen, though a Dane, may, owing to the great affinity of the language, be ranked among Swedish authors. A new work, "Travels in Siberia," by Mr. Christopher Hansteen, has been translated from the Swedish into German, under the title of *Reine Erinnerungen in Sibirien*, and will amply repay the trouble of translation into French and English. Besides the attraction of the subject, which is great—all unknown things possessing to the highest degree the faculty of awakening the curiosity of the reading public—M. Hansteen has a pleasant easy way of telling his story, which gives his book an animation and vivacity to which records of travel cannot often lay claim.

As people do not generally visit Siberia solely for purposes of amusement, the reader will have already set down M. Hansteen as an exile or a *sacant*. He belonged in fact to the latter class, being one of the professors at the University of Christiania, and Director of the Observatory of that town. His object in visiting those frozen regions—

—pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstivâ recreatur aurâ—

was chiefly to study the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism. The Professor, before undertaking his scientific expedition, remained for some time at St. Petersburg, procuring passports, letters of recommendation, &c. &c., to smooth the way for himself and his companions; and although the details of the writer touching the Russian metropolis do not possess all the interest of novelty, the style and manner in which they are described render them very well worth perusal. After a somewhat monotonous journey across the Steppes, the sudden intensity of the cold gave them the first information of their being in Asiatic Russia. At Tobolsk they witnessed various ceremonies of the Greek Church—one of which, the christening, is sufficiently curious to be described in these pages. Like the Mormons, the Greeks baptise by immersion. The Pope, taking hold of the child with his right hand, spreads his hand over its face, so as to stop up the ears, eyes, nose, and mouth, and then steepes it three times into the water, which must not have been warmed by any artificial means. On certain days in the year, the clergy proceed with the greatest pomp to the banks of the river, to bless its water; a hole is made in the ice, and the cross is plunged through it by the Archbishop or Archimandrite. This ceremony always attracts an immense crowd to witness it; and if by chance there is a newly-born child in the vicinity, its parents eagerly avail themselves of the opportunity to have it christened, and a pope plunges it thrice into the frozen water. When the child survives this ordeal, its constitution is generally robust; but it not unfrequently happens that, the popes having taken something stronger than water to keep out the cold, the child slips through their hands and is drowned. The parents, however, though not devoid of feelings of affection for their children, are easily reconciled to their loss, as death immediately following baptism is sure to obtain for the new-born babe a place in Paradise. M. Hansteen gives interesting particulars touching the cold of this immense territory, which is far more intense than in the European portion of the empire under the same latitudes. One of the most curious phenomena is the almost total absence of wind during the severe frosts. This severe temperature does not, however, appear to exercise a pernicious influence upon the *physique* of the natives, who, on the contrary, are represented as the finest race of men in the empire. As to their moral qualities, as far as a traveller enjoying the rank of a Russian colonel, and especially recommended by the Czar, could judge of them, they appear honest, industrious, and hospitable. This rank of colonel, which he possessed as a professor, gave him singular privileges. The Chinese frontier is closely guarded by a chain of fortified stations, commanded by a variety of officers, the highest of whom was a lieutenant-colonel, and consequently inferior in rank to the gallant professor. "In the evening," he writes, "when we arrived at one of these stations, and intended spending the night there, the commanding officer presented himself before us in full-dress uniform, paid us military honours, reported whether anything had taken place worth noting before my arrival, and formally placed the chief command into my hands. In the morning he again presented himself, awaiting my convenience to receive, outside the door notwithstanding the cold, reported the occurrences of the night, and respectfully received from me the insignia of command which he had made over to me on the previous night." Such is Russian discipline.

For *plus amples informations*, as the French say, touching this terra incognita, and its still more unknown inhabitants, the reader, provided he understands German, may consult M. Hansteen's little book with advantage. For the unlearned in Teutonic dialects it will be some consolation to receive the assurance that so readable a book is not likely to escape the ken of the translators, always on the *qui vive*—*querentes quid devent*.

Among the many enterprises to which the Exhibition in Paris has given rise, and which have disappointed the hopes of the speculator, is that of

bringing over an English company of actors. It has, however, been well observed, that anything of this description, if really first-rate, no matter from where it comes, is sure of support; but then it must be first-rate. In the present instance that indispensable condition is unluckily wanting. The troupe is headed by Mr. and Mrs. Wallack, belonging, I believe, to one of the London minor establishments, and exhibits that kind of merit one might expect to find in a secondary theatre, which is not, of course, striking enough to create any great sensation in a foreign metropolis. Their first play was *Macbeth*, which, in honour of its immortal author, drew a tolerably full house on the opening night. Mr. Wallack acting the principal character. The performance was very far from perfection; but a good figure and features, with a voice so fine that, in the hands of a man of genius, it would be a key to the sympathies of every spectator, carry him through this great part in a manner truly surprising, considering the intellectual deficiencies this actor frequently displays. With a general tone of exaggeration, and some new readings which make the lovers of Shakspeare stare as well as smile, there was a wild energy about it, well fitting the rudeness of an age when mounting to a throne by the murder of its legitimate possessor was not an unfrequent occurrence, and which threw an air of poetry and even of grandeur over his performance. His wife was the Lady Macbeth; her performance conveyed no idea but that of a noisy virago, and was interlarded with some American pronunciations of English words that will scarcely rise to the honours of denizenship in the old country. "Slave," for example, she calls "Slave." The other parts were tolerably given, and the witches were presented in number and completeness quite remarkable. In fact, the noticeable merit of the performance lay in the manner in which it was got up. *Macbeth* was performed three times, but the last two nights were so ill attended that the *entrepreneur* was obliged to close the theatre, leaving the company, or at least a large portion of it, in the utmost distress; for the poor players, unfortunately, could say at Paris as elsewhere, *Hic victimas ambitionis paupertate omnes*. On hearing of this mishap, the Emperor commanded another performance of the tragedy, which brought a good house; and Mr. Wallack handsomely came forward, and, taking the affair upon his own responsibility for a few nights longer, averted the distress which must have ensued had the company (consisting, it is said, of seventy persons) been left without support on the abandonment of the French director, a M. Ruin de Fyë.

Othello and *Hamlet* have since been performed; but the impression created has not been such as to turn the tide in favour of English tragedy. The same plays, it must be recollected, were acted in Paris just before the revolution of 1848, when they were royally patronised at the Tuilleries. The principal male performer was then Mr. Macready, a man of the highest talent and evidently a scholar; and Miss Faucit, who was also highly thought of, notwithstanding some little affectations of style. The impressions left by these eminent performers are not likely to be effaced by their present successors, whose presence in Paris will not elevate the notions of English tragedy entertained by the French.

Madame Ristori, the great Italian tragedian mentioned in my last letter, is still the reigning attraction of the day. Her acting is marvellous, from its grace, poetry, and nature, and that indescribable something which finds its way to rouse the emotions of every heart. This truly great actress is, according to report, likely to visit your great capital next year; that is to say, if the war is brought to an end, for that only it was which put a stop to a project of her appearing in London during the present season.

Among the other theatrical news, I must note that we have got a kind of translation of the *Medea* at the Odéon. The playbills say *d'après Euripides*; on which one of our critics tartly remarks that "it is *after* Euripides, and a very long way too," than which nothing can possibly be more true. We have also old Mlle. Dejazet starring it at the Gaité, where she began her theatrical career in Paris, some forty years ago, and looking really not greatly worse than she did twenty years since—to be sure she never was handsome. Her acting is as piquant and audacious as ever—she certainly lets fall a mouthful of *gros sel* with a *nonchalance* not to be described, much less imitated. Her *gros sel*, however, would be less in England—and, indeed, anywhere out of France—be set down as gross indecency. Yet such is public taste, that to this alone does the old lady owe her fortune and reputation. To conclude, I have to acquaint you that at the Hippodrome we have a battle-piece called *La Crimée*, in which the principal events of the campaign are recited, battles fought, ambushes formed, trenches dug, and mines exploded, before the spectator, with all the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war." Two thousand men and some hundred horses are engaged in giving effect to this great military spectacle, which has the advantage of enabling hordes of the most pacific provincials, and also our *brave bourgeois*, to witness deathful doings without the slightest danger of a scar.

RUSSIA.

THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER I.

Nouvelle Biographie Universelle. Tome premier.
Paris: Didot.

(Continued from page 263.)

THOUGH apparently occupied chiefly with the organisation of his empire, Alexander was really active in nothing subsequently to the peace of Vienna but in sharpening weapons, accumulating materials, weaving machinations, for the overthrow of Napoleon. By enforcing so despotically and so fanatically the Continental system, Napoleon alienated from himself the commercial class everywhere; so that there was an immense industrial army conspiring, working for his destruction, long before the crash of so many catastrophes had shaken his throne. He had also deserted the grand principle of which the French Revolution had been the eloquent if bloody orator—that merit, and not the caprice of a dardar or a debauchee, was to determine a man's fitness for serving France. Himself the creation of that principle, he had sprung with a few miraculous leaps to glory and power, and he had held out his hand to the gifted and the deserving the moment his glance discovered them. But his marriage with Marie Louise, and his foolish attempt to conciliate the old French nobility that despised and hated him, manifested on his part a disposition to abandon the attitude which had secured him more than the admiration, the affection, of every aspiring, generous, and noble soul in Europe, notwithstanding his sins against freedom, their idol and their dream. It is said that France lost in Spain at least a million men. This alone would, without counting other calamities, have immensely weakened France. But the Peninsular War, though sapping France's strength, did not tarnish France's military fame. It was, from the physical configuration of Spain, a war of detail, a war for which those new modes of battling that Napoleon had discovered, and always practised, were eminently unfitted. Armand Carrel has said that the prodigious movements, so vast and so bold, which Napoleon executed on the map of Europe, suggested the idea of two sciences: the one *tactics*, consisting in the art of manoeuvring on a limited territory, in adapting the different arms to the form of this territory—in placing, in moving them suitably; the second *strategy*, consisting in the enormous and wonderful achievements which have for object to occupy the best line of operations—to rush on the points the most dangerous for the enemy—his flank, his rear, his magazines, his capital, and so forth; and that the first of these sciences would make good, and the other great, generals. If we admit, as we can scarcely help doing, the value and the truth of this distinction, then we must confess that the Peninsular War was a war of tactics rather than a war of strategy, and that with the good rather than with the great generals must Wellington be classed. Everywhere intersected by mountains, and thus everywhere broken into those patches of limited territory of which Armand Carrel speaks, Spain offered ample room for tactics, but scarcely any for strategy. Besides, the same circumstances which aided Wellington as a tactician were favourable to the guerilla attacks of the Spaniards themselves. Spain, therefore, still left Napoleon the boldest, the most fertile of strategists, and did not take from French troops the renown of being the best in the world for operations of strategy. If, then, Napoleon had not provoked the fierce hatred of that commercial class, whose political sympathies and antipathies are not in general strong; if he had not lost his grandest moral empire—that over young, glowing imaginations, young, courageous bosoms—he could with incomparable swiftness have recovered from the horrible gashes given him by the Spanish tragedies, and his final conflict with Russia could have ended only in Russia's annihilation. As it was, he could bring to that conflict nothing but the pressure of his athletic will and the instinct of his unrivalled genius. This Alexander knew too well, and tempted on the magnificent military gambler to his ruin. The moment Napoleon placed himself on a level with the old dynasties, he was simply a vulgar upstart, with all the disadvantages of the upstart. Every conservative influence was thenceforth arrayed on their side, and his fall was inevitable, even if he had come unharmed from the Russian campaign. The common-places about boundless ambition which are lavished so

liberally on Napoleon's grave are as wearisome and silly as such moralisings usually are. Condemn not his ambition, condemn not the visions and darings of his lofty phantasy. Condemn rather his faithlessness to his first and noblest ambition. The sublimest of modern poems was Napoleon's dream of transfigurations in the East, to be accomplished by him after his subjugation of the West. He never abandoned that dream; but, by allying himself with and imitating the old dynasties, he insanely doomed the dream to remain, as far as he was concerned, a dream for ever.

The Ukase which Alexander issued on the 10th December 1810 gave Napoleon most substantial cause for complaint. As a direct attack on the Continental system it encouraged the importation of British goods, and so far Napoleon had no real ground for dissatisfaction; but in addition it prohibited the entrance of French goods: and how could Napoleon fail to view this as a grievous injury to France, and a gross insult to himself? By the Peace of Tilsit, the bulk of that part of Poland which in the successive dismemberments Prussia had appropriated was erected into the Grand Duchy of Warsaw. To swell this duchy, the rule of which was conferred on the princes of Saxony, Austria was subsequently compelled to disgorge a portion of her Polish booty. Against this shadow of a Polish kingdom Alexander made imposing military demonstrations, as if to irritate the pride and spite the power of Napoleon. At the same time he who had so recently seized Finland, and whose whole reign of twenty-four years was one gigantic and insatiate theft, pretended grave offence that Bonaparte had incorporated the Duchy of Oldenburg with the French Empire. Holy Russia had an unlimited right to steal, but unholy France had no right to appropriate. The whole of 1811 was spent in preparations on both sides for the impending struggle. Diplomacy was busy with its tricks and lies; but it is certain that whatever earnestness or good faith mingled with the falsehoods came from Napoleon and not from Alexander. In the course of those diplomatic frivolities and insincerities the French Emperor gathered at Dresden the kings and princes of Germany around him—a gorgeous scene, but a political failure. He wished to leave the dull, selfish German nature with his vast schemes and daring determinations. But the German rulers, however readily from fear they might promise troops, were in their heart, and from the necessity of things, far more Russian than French; for France they have loathed, and will always loathe, as the demon of Revolution; while to Russia, identified with the barbarous past and their beloved feudalisms, they cling as to their tutelary angel. It is often marvelled at that they are so servile to Russia; but if we consider them, which from their conduct it is not uncharitable to do, as wholly unpatriotic, and as interested only about their personal position and influence, we shall see in their base dependence on Russia the most unimpeachable logic of the most absolute egoism. They know—none know better—that without a united Germany there cannot be a great, a noble Germany—a Germany such as other nations can respect and honour. But what do they care for a heroic Germany if they are extinguished and made of no more importance than the curiosities in a museum? We would not hurl at these poor German mummies the claptraps of the demagogue. They, wretched mummies, simply do not belong to the living present. They are parts of a pageant in which the ghosts of the Middle Ages try painfully to gibber and gesticulate. We might almost as well be angry at the preposterous beef-eaters when we encounter them in a royal procession, as at these puny German rulers. They are the Struldbrugs of politics. A Swift might delineate them; but it would be vain for a prophet to denounce them. What ghastly phantasms they must have seemed to Napoleon in those dreary Dresden days. Never were the glowing, fertile Future, and the impotent, mouldering Past, more strikingly in contrast.

In the spring of 1812 set forth that great expedition whose record is sadder than all else in history. Napoleon had been false to the eternal realities, and the eternal realities avenged themselves. Alexander the Macedonian had sinned at the height of his glory by forgetting that he was a Greek, and by madly drinking the cup of Asiatic luxury. Not with tardy feet did Nemesis come. Napoleon the Corsican sinned at the height of his glory by forgetting that the French Revolution,

notwithstanding what are called its horrors, was one of Nature's most potent and authentic utterances, and that he was its heir, its champion, its apostle, its unfold in whatever it had of fruitful or creative. What mattered it whether Nature the Nemesis shot at him her grimmest retributions from the midst of Russian snow and ice, or chose some other scene, some other armoury? There was here an inevitable fatality, which yet Napoleon seemed in a strange and feverish haste to meet. The war of the North was the only one of his many wars into which he rushed with the blind fury of passion. His wrath was probably increased by perceiving how often the Czar had tricked him, how many opportunities for crushing Russia had been neglected, and how unworthy of himself, whose intellect was keen as his sword was sharp, was any dabbling in a crooked diplomacy. The army which Napoleon destined to his tremendous onslaught on Alexander was the grandest that had ever been assembled. That with which Xerxes marched into Greece might have been more numerous; but it was infinitely inferior in every other respect. Half a million of warriors, French, Italians, Germans, Poles, Spaniards, Portuguese, Swiss, and others, followed that banner which had flamed on omnipotent to so many victories. By treaties of alliance, and by contributions of troops, the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia gave a seeming smile to this wonderful array of battalions against the robber-rule of the Muscovite; but, in their secret souls, they prayed for that scattering and that destruction which befel the stalwart and glittering hosts now sweeping proudly and gaily along, but in a few months to be perishing by myriads in swamp and in river. Two far sincerer friends than Austria and Prussia it would have been easy for the skill and patience of Bonaparte to gain—Sweden and Turkey. Through Russia Sweden had been reduced from the primordial power which it had for ages been to a condition of utter insignificance, though there had never been any degeneracy among its people. The most recent wrong, that which tore Finland from it, had come from the hand of the Czar. It would not have been difficult to rouse and intensify the hatred of the Swedes against Russia, stinging their memory with this odious act of imperial brigandage. But, as Alexander could steal on an extravagant scale, so he bribed on a scale quite as extravagant; and what was at once laughable and execrable, he bribed with what did not belong to him. He was exceeding generous with his neighbour's goods. Dick Turpin and other highwaymen have been most notable for this kind of munificence. Mankind, however, have not generally classed it among the virtues, whether conspicuous in cutpurses or kings. The Swedes, perhaps, would not have been so willing to throw themselves at the feet of the Czar, or to accept his favours, if they had not substantially given the supreme control of their affairs to the Frenchman Bernadotte, though it was not till after the fall of Napoleon that he ascended the Swedish throne. It was probably Russian influence which, in 1810, had procured his election as the successor of Charles XIII., who reigned from 1809 till 1818. As the result of a conference at Abo between Alexander and Bernadotte, called till the death of Charles XIII. Crown Prince of Sweden, a secret convention was concluded at St. Petersburg, on the 24th March, 1812, in which Sweden promised to be the firm and faithful ally of Russia against France, receiving as an indemnification for the loss of Finland the promise of Norway, which was then under the Danish sceptre. In about two years after Sweden received its wages of iniquity. From the hour of that conference Bernadotte gave his most effective aid toward the humiliation of his country, toward the overthrow of that Bonaparte who had raised and trusted him, covered him with honours, notwithstanding the envious, malignant, and insubordinate temper he had always manifested. Incalculably more calamitous to Napoleon than this league between Russia and Sweden was the peace of Bucharest, into which Russia wheedled Turkey, on the 28th May, 1812. Bucharest means City of Joy, and truly it was a city of exceeding joy for Alexander. This peace was in many ways favourable to Russia. It was a triumph of arms; it was a triumph of diplomacy; it brought a large increase of territory; and, especially, it enabled Russia to concentrate all its strength on a single blow. On the part of Turkey it was an act of pure insanity. Poor Sultan Mahmoud, however, ought not to

bear the whole, or even the chief part of the blame. Pious Alexander had corrupted the Divan, as his pious predecessors had corrupted many a Divan before. In every war between Turkey and Russia, while there has been treachery in the Turkish camp, there has been still blacker treachery in the Turkish cabinet. With Sweden and Turkey as allies Napoleon could have effaced Russia from the map of Europe—a feat which must ultimately be accomplished by some other Napoleon. While he did the great work of crushing it in the centre, Sweden and Turkey could have swept toward it from Baltic and from Black Sea like two mighty wings of death. But Russia's cup of blood, and lust, and lies, and robbery, was not yet full.

Whatever might be Alexander's diplomatic achievements—which, viewed as mere tricks of the conjuror, were doubtless amazingly clever—Napoleon soon showed that out of that low region his brain was still prolific, his hand still unspialled. His march with his immense army to the frontiers of Russia was so rapid that he had already reached the Niemen before news arrived at St. Petersburg that he had passed Berlin. Unprepared for the fleet movements of this mammoth host, Alexander ordered his generals to fall back on the interior, and to mark their path by smoking ruins and desolated fields. The inhabitants were commanded to burn their villages and towns, and to conceal or destroy all provisions. It was the will of the Czar, and the miserable creatures obeyed. Much has been said—chiefly by the stolid and slavish German louts who would have us believe that Alexander was a good as well as a great man, and that the Russians are a noble people, because Russia is the Paradise of German adventurers—much has been said on the patriotic courage, the patriotic sacrifices, of Russian citizens and Russian peasants in this war. We must not listen to these clumsy penny-a-liners. The Russian is a mere machine; he works like a machine; he fights like a machine; he is a machine in everything. And he ceases not to be a machine in his patriotism. We are told that, at the approach of Napoleon, Alexander strove to stir and influence the masses by appealing to the national sentiment, to the love of independence, to the enthusiasm for the religion of sacred and beloved Russia. He might or he might not. One thing he unquestionably did which had more effect: he told his dear children—those millions of dirty drunken barbarians of whom he was the monarch and the father—that they must burn their granaries and their homes in order to harass, exhaust, and starve the French. If, meanwhile, the dear children were thereby to run the risk of themselves perishing from fatigue, from exposure, from famine, from disease, the dear children were taught to regard this as a beautiful arrangement of Providence, and as a cheap purchasing of everlasting bliss. War carried on in this fashion frustrated Napoleon's best and boldest schemes, mocked his profoundest calculations. Dashing obstacles aside with his pertinacious will, he dragged his weary and wasted legions on. On the 7th September was fought that terrible battle of Moskowa, which strewed the field with thirty thousand dead. Their defeat here the Russians have professed to consider a victory, because they made an orderly retreat, which was not molested by the French; and with unparalleled impudence they erected on the spot, on the 7th September, 1839, a monument in honour of their victory. Eight days after the battle, Napoleon entered that fatal city which was to be the tomb of his renown. His former friend, Alexander, determined that the mighty man should have light enough to read the words of woe which the Destinies were writing for his instruction on earth and on sky; he obligingly gave him for a week the hideous glare of blazing Moscow. Napoleon's inaction during more than a month, and the fruitless negotiations into which he entered, which were worse than inaction, were tragical and most irreparable blunders. The first gleam of the conflagration at Moscow should have been the signal for retreat. He lingered on, bewildered, fascinated, paralysed. Blame him we may; but pity him infinitely more we must. Among the countless things that occur to us as possible, if he had acted with his accustomed promptitude, are: first, that, effulgent and irresistible from the victory of Moskowa, he should suddenly have appeared in the heart of Poland, proclaiming the restoration of this kingdom in all its ancient integrity. How quickly in what ardent multi-

tudes, and with what devoted bosoms, would those brave and noble Poles, who loved him, who trusted him, who clung to him to the last, have gathered around! Or, secondly, with no less suddenness, he might have emerged as a saviour in the lands recently rent from Turkey by Russia, sent through the heart of the Sultan and his subjects the thrill of his own vast plans and whirlwind courage, and raised from the shores of the Black Sea a tempest which would have blasted every inch of Russian soil as far as the Neva. Toward the end of October, when Napoleon left Moscow, such visions were no longer realisable, even if they had occurred to him. The summer's fiercest heat had devoured his army in its march to Moscow; the winter's fiercest cold devoured it as it sought a path back through the blinding snow. The passage of the Beresina at the end of November was fitting crown to scenes the most appalling and sufferings the most cruel ever recorded. In the middle of December, the conqueror whom the elements had conquered was in Paris, about to begin those campaigns which were more admirable even than the most illustrious and successful of his early days. Napoleon has been denounced for hurrying on to Paris, and for not continuing longer with the remains of the Grand Army, just as he has been denounced for not shooting himself after Waterloo. It showed, however, neither a want of heroism nor a want of pity, but the true forethought of a statesman, to hasten to the defence and reorganisation of France before the enemy could reach its frontiers.

The reverses of Napoleon exalted Alexander in the eyes of men to a sort of epic dignity not much in harmony with his natural character. Ceasing not to be that *Greek of the Lower Empire* which he had always been, he had not leaped in the grim conflict to any real height of nobleness; he had expended a good deal of rhetoric, and drawn forth untired abundance of that cant which suited his Belial lips so well; and he had left the winter, his commonplace generals, the coward fury of the idiotic peasants, and Napoleon's own impetuosity and obstinacy, to do the rest. In the twilight made by the sudden setting of that prodigious orb, he was the one conspicuous figure, and the servile and the craven all through Europe vied with each other in calling him great. More mournful to us than Napoleon's overthrow—and yet that is mournful beyond expression—is the homage offered with such unanimity of baseness by princes and nations to the most accomplished, and it would not be wrong to add the most heartless, hypocrite that ever ruled over millions of the human race. The Fates had crushed a demigod, and men threw themselves down to worship a Mawworm; and in their delirium they dreamed that in thus degrading themselves they were doing something for freedom, for religion, and for God.

KENNETH MORENCY.

(To be continued.)

ITALY.

(FROM OUR ITALIAN CORRESPONDENT.)

Etruscan Monuments.—Tarquinii and Caere.

No journey in Italy, perhaps, is found so little interesting to the traveller in general as that from Rome to Civitavecchia; yet its scenery has a character of the mournfully picturesque and of the poetic memory-fraught South, that will not want attraction to the reflective observer. There is an almost total absence of classic, and little even of mediæval antiquity, in the Campagna on the western side of Rome. Long undulating lines; steep mounds that look as if thrown up for fortification, their heights sometimes crowned by conical shepherds' tents, their grassy slopes occupied by flocks of black sheep or large grey cattle; here and there a little glen reeking amid clusters of oak and poplar, whose fresh green contrasts with the prevailing dullness of tints around; at intervals a desolate mass of buildings that seem to combine the fortress with the farm, or a gloomy-looking *osteria* of suspicious aspect, reminding of brigand-stories read years ago,—such the features distinguishing the Roman Campagna and Maremma on the side of the Mediterranean. One of these nondescript piles of building, apparently a village sprung out of the grey ruins of an extensive fortress, named Castel Guido, calls to mind the gentlest of poets—Petrarch—who, on his way to visit Rome from Avignon, remained here some time, taking refuge under the protection of the feudal lord from the perils of this banditti-infested region. The quadrangular castle of Palo, the Etruscan Alsinu (now a village on the sea, where travellers usually stop for refreshment), stands majestically with its round towers and machicolated battlements,

half ruinous, but still garrisoned by a few fever-stricken soldiers, kept here till the deadly effects of *malaria* oblige them to be sent to the hospital in Rome. Strolling on the beach here, among the remains of a rudely-constructed mole, I observed the graceful outline of the Tusculan hills, clothed with loveliest tints, in the distance. Leaving this place, we presently pass in sight of Cervetri (the Etruscan *Cære* and Pelasgian *Argylla*), prettily situated on the verdant and cultured slopes of a chain of hills—not lofty, but singularly varied in outline—like the higher Apennines in miniature; and some miles distant, on the sea, the solitary fortification, whose quadrangle is now occupied by a village called Santa Severa, marks the site of Pyrgos, the port and arsenal of that ancient city. Another castellated building, which stands finely on an eminence above the shore, San Marinella, has a terrace garden where rises a single palm-tree; and I cannot describe the charm of association given to the entire scene by the graceful foliage of this southern plant, as in the rich glow of sunset its dark green branches drooped in feathery outline against the resplendent lapis-lazuli blue of the Mediterranean. The full moon arose, suffusing the silent landscape with broad yellow light that reminded me of the skies of Naples; myriads of fire-flies began to sparkle in the low brushwood that lined the wayside, glancing hither and thither as if their whole existence were one restless holiday. By moonlight the fortified entrance to Civitavecchia and the planted promenade outside its gates appear stately; and it is remarkable how decidedly superior in cleanliness, regularity, and dignity are the principal parts of this completely new town to anything alike new in Rome. Next morning I started for Corneto, the road to which, after leaving the great thoroughfare daily traversed by diligences, passes through scenes often beautiful—now amid plantations of cork-trees, myrtle, and lentiscus, now along open heath-lands most favourable for the chase, where a fine long-tailed fox might be seen occasionally sweeping through the bushes. Further on, we drive, under the shadow of luxuriant olives with grotesquely gnarled stems (indicating great age in the tree), and other venerable woods that clothe a succession of uplands, here bounding the flat Maremma. At one spot the road is completely lined with the fantastic foliage and tall stems of the aloe, which were remarkable because this plant, so frequently seen round Naples and in Sicily, is not found in the vicinity of Rome. Cultivation is on this coast far more developed than on the other side of Civitavecchia, and extensive fields of waving corn were now promising an abundant harvest. Still the region has a prevailing character of melancholy; and, save a few villas finely situated on the uplands, scarcely a habitation is to be seen; scarcely an edifice but some ruined tower; and not a single town till, after a journey of twelve miles, we reach Corneto, whose ancient fortifications rise conspicuous along the ridge of a hill sloping towards the sea. Entering these walls, we find ourselves in an irregular piazza of paltry houses, but with an imposing old Gothic building that rises high above the rest occupying one of its sides, the Vitelleschi Palace, a fine specimen of fifteenth century architecture, now converted into a dismal, clumsily-contrived inn—exactly the scene for ghost-stories and incidents of romance (*à la Radcliffe*)—with richly-moulded transomed windows, and a triple portico on one side a court, whose present condition of neglect and dirtiness can scarcely be described. The lower story of this alone is supported by arcades with the pointed arch, the upper by classic columns with cornices.

Waiting a long time for donkeys and a custode to be procured, I employed the interval in searching after a venerable church, outside the gates, once that of a Franciscan convent; but since it was injured by lightning, in 1819, no longer used as such, and left in forlorn abandonment that seems to threaten the total destruction of this interesting monument. It would be well, I thought, if sufficient were spared out of the sums annually spent on gorgeous ceremonies in Rome for the restoration of a sanctuary like this, at once claiming regards from the artist, the antiquarian, and ecclesiastic. It is not (as described by "Murray") a Gothic, but Lombardic building, having rounded arches with square piers, out of which stand pilasters of leafy capitals, that divide the nave and aisles; beautiful mosaic pavements, of the workmanship called *Opus Alexandrinum*, now greatly impaired; a basilica-altar, with graceful canopy, supported by four columns of fine marble; a cupola (said to have been constructed nine centuries ago), of which only the tympanum remains, the rest being entirely destroyed; a large octagonal baptistry, inlaid with thirty-two slabs of marble, all of different species, surrounded by sculptured borders of white marble. A square campanile stands apart from this church, on one side the facade, and still very lofty, though diminished by one-third of its original height. Spoilation, as well as lightning, I was assured, had had its part in effecting this destruction: of four statues of horses, brought from the ruins of Tarquinii, and once standing at the angles of this tower at its summit, not one remains, nor could I observe what had become of these sculptures; and two encircling galleries of colonnettes, within the domes, have been entirely removed by despoilers! Some

monuments, with Latin inscriptions, to the Bishops of Tarquinii, prior to the transfer of their see hither, are worth observing in the interior; and the custode points out an Etruscan inscription set into the pavement, to form a step between the nave and one aisle.

Corneto is said to have been founded on the ruins of two Etruscan cities, Gravisca and Tarquinii; and the necropolis of the latter extends from a distance of about six miles to the immediate vicinity of its walls, along the uplands rising from the flat coast. This town is supposed to have been dedicated to Pan, from whose effigy, with a horn growing out of the forehead, some have derived the name it still bears. It was raised into a Christian bishopric near the end of the fifth or early in the sixth century, and has belonged to the temporal dominions of the Holy See since A.D. 730 (or a very few years later), when the Duchy of Rome spontaneously submitted to the Papal Sovereignty in the person of Gregory II. It has now about 4000 inhabitants, and a small port, from which is still shipped much of the abundant cereal produce of this neighbourhood. *Au reste*, the place seems about as lethargic and backward in civilisation as any other country town in the Ecclesiastical States; but for the Church, the only pulse of life that beats with vigour in these decayed old cities, one might wonder how the anatomy of civic existence could possibly be supplied with *animus* in such places. Corneto has its cathedral with nineteen prebendaries, a *conservatorio* of public education, and seven monasteries; nor is wanting the stately old municipal palace usually found in Italian cities of any importance—the café for whiling away time and reading a little printed scrap pretending to the character of a gazette (that of Foligno)—and the eating-house, where strangely-clad customers may be found drinking wine at all hours of the day. Mention of this city is found in a celebrated record of the year 773, the decree of Desiderius, King of the Lombards, ordering various public improvements, where occurs the words, "Jubemus quoque reparari Cornetium," on a marble tablet discovered in the excavations at Vulci (the modern Montello), in this district, and now at Viterbo. Chronicles show that in the year 847 some remnant of the Etruscan Tarquinii was still extant, converted into a castle, inhabited by the Vaccari family, one of whom bequeathed to the Cornetan municipality full jurisdiction over his fortress and territory; but, as another of the same house refused to submit to such conditions, the citizens took arms against the Vaccari, and rased to the ground the last fragment of Etruria's proud city. At the port of Corneto landed, in 1367, Pope Urban V., with a fleet of Venetian and Pisan galleys, and a numerous retinue of dignitaries, on his way to restore the See from Avignon to Rome; the flower of the nobility and prelacy of the Eternal City were assembled here to receive him; a deputation brought the keys of the castle of St. Angelo; and among other notabilities figured in the pageant grouping the warlike and able-minded Cardinal Albornoz, whose arms and policy had recovered for the Papal Tiara so many of its lost dominions.

Gregory XI. also landed here on the final restoration of the Holy See, when the Papal Court for the last time transferred itself from Avignon, in 1376. Leo X. and other pontiffs have visited this place, the last being Gregory XVI., whose triumphal day at Corneto, in 1835, is described with all the solemnity of chamberlain-diaries. Under the Cardinal Vitelleschi, who built the palace mentioned above, many benefits were secured to Corneto: that high-spirited general of the Papal troops, "esteemed (says one chronicler) as the most valorous captain of his time," whose services were rather singularly rewarded by Eugenius IV. with the ecclesiastical purple, was decreed the honour of an equestrian statue in the Capitol by the Roman Senate, with the title of third "Pater Patriæ," after Romulus and Augustus; and furthermore to compliment him in the whole community of his townspeople, the citizenship of Rome was conferred, with pompous recapitulation of privileges, upon the Cornetani. The life of Giovanni Vitelleschi is an historical romance, chequered with situations the most contrasted, and passing from splendid triumphs to the darkest reverses, like a combination of the stories of Wolsey and Count Carmagnola. After exchanging the helmet and sword for the scarlet hat and cross—after having suppressed the turbulence of the Roman people, to confirm over them the sovereign power of Eugenius IV.—he fell under the suspicions of that pontiff as a machinator of treason; was arrested (apparently without proof) when passing before the Castle of St. Angelo; and, though abandoned by his servants, defended himself, spite of the ecclesiastical habit and character, so gallantly against the guard and chatelain, that before they could secure his person he received many wounds, which proved fatal after four days—the life of this famous captain and cardinal terminating in the prisons of the gloomy fortress 1440. His armorial shield, still hanging over the portals of the forlorn palace in his native city, presents the symbols and interpretation of his name, in the figures of two heifers; and I believe Corneto still possesses the great bells of Palestrina, sent hither after he had taken by storm the latter place in order to quell the hostility of the Colonnas against his finally ungrateful sovereign. Several Pontiffs have conferred benefits on

this place; and in 1728 was founded here, by Urban VIII., a unique description of penal establishment—a house of correction, or Ergastulum, for culpable ecclesiastics. The chronicles of Corneto, by one Valerio, are preserved in MS. in the archives of the Capitol; and another MS. history of the town is extant, with various unedited local records, in the palace of the Falzacappa family, within its own walls.

The road hence to the Necropolis winds along the mountain-side, gently ascending, and commanding an extensive view of sea and land. The promontory of Argentario, apparently a lofty island, rises with noble outlines, and beyond, in faint blue tints, I observed Elba, though not Corsica, which, as well as Monte Christo, may be described hence in perfectly clear weather. There is a free and glorious beauty in this scene, notwithstanding the aspect of melancholy in the long extent of low coast, where cultivation is luxuriant and all seems to flourish save human life; the silence and solitude are almost startling amid so many evidences of bounteous generosity from nature. It reminded me of a finely conceived but most mournful picture, a landscape with figures (by a young Neapolitan artist, evidently of high promise, named Vertunni), in the annual exhibition lately open at Rome, intended to illustrate the story of Pida dei Tolomei, the injured bride taken to perish by her jealous husband in his solitary castle on the Tuscan Maremma. The principal tombs now accessible are on the declivity of this hill, opening in a broken surface of uncultivated and uninclosed land partly overgrown with brushwood. Their entrances are covered by a species of oblong cells, that run from without like the upper part of wine-vaults or ice-houses, and entering which we descend modern staircases of about a dozen steps to the low narrow doorway cut in the tufo-rock, this being the original ingress. Modern doors, in most instances double, and strongly fastened, have been placed to guard against profane intrusion; and in their present condition each of these tombs may be inspected without the slightest inconvenience by the light of a single torch in the custode's hand. Who could first enter without feelings of awe those mysterious subterranean, almost the sole records of a nationality and civilisation whose very language is unknown? or gaze without emotion at those graceful figures dimly surviving on the rock-surface, representing the most evanescent enjoyments of life, the banquet, the song, and the dance, yet preserved from an antiquity compared with which the classic sculptures of Greece and Rome, the frescoes of Pompeii and Herculaneum, are modern? I thought of the lines attributed to Seneca:—

Crede mihi, vires aliquas natura sepulcris
Attribuit; tumulus vindicat umbra suos.

The tomb we first enter (called *Grotta della Querciola*), one of the smaller, is surrounded by pictures of a banquet on three sides; the two principal figures a male and female reclining on couches, so as to face each other, and in the act of kissing. They hold goblets in their hands; their heads are covered with flowers; their profiles, turned to the spectator, have the regular beauty of the Greek type. The vault of this, as in many other tombs, resembles a Gothic arch flattened at the top, and so low that a person of moderate height might touch it, one of lofty stature have to stoop beneath it. The *Grotta del Triclinio* (next entered) is large, and surrounded by a banquet scene of more numerous figures, better preserved than the former. On the side walls are female dancers, with castanets, and youths playing the double tibia, the former in party-coloured vestments, the latter nude; the draped figures, though better preserved, decidedly inferior, I thought, to the undraped. The *Grotta del Morto* is so called from the affecting picture, better known by its copy at the Vatican, in which we see the body of an old man laid on a couch, in a long brown habit, like that of Franciscan friars, attended by mourners, one of whom, a young girl, is reverentially drawing the cowl of this vestment over the face of the dead. This, the most interesting, I was sorry to observe, was the most faded among the pictures here, the rest of which represent funeral games of spirited design. The *Grotta del Tifone*, much larger than the preceding, supported by a heavy square column in the centre, is so called from the figure of a colossal Typhon, ending in snaky coils; instead of lower limbs, twice represented in *fac-simile* on the sides of the column. This figure is too substantially terrible to be grotesque, and the countenance has a certain ferocious beauty. A shadowy procession of souls, represented by figures large as life, on the walls, has fine details, but seems totally perishing, the heads only being still distinct. The form in front, however, who carries a large candelabrum, is better preserved than the rest, and is gazing forward with a peculiar expression of melancholy anxiety, that seems sadly to plead against the gloomy superstition whose symbolism placed in the house of death the wrath-denouncing image of that furious Typhon! Two recumbent figures, rudely sculptured, are placed on large sarcophagi at each side of the entrance to this tomb. Hence we descend by a wild narrow ravine towards a valley surrounded by steep slopes now abandoned to pasture, and a scene of profound solitude. Low ledges of grey rock, from a distance resembling ruined walls, extend along the summits of

these uplands; but on one side are the actual remains of the city walls, that seem nothing else than a continuation of the natural bulwark round the glen. The sepulchre entered near the foot of the ravine descending is the largest and gloomiest of all, and approached through a long narrow recess formed in the mountain-side. This had been left without any door till a few years ago, and had then become the haunt of robbers, besides other bad characters. It is quadrangular, and only finished on two sides, both walls and roof elsewhere being obviously incomplete, and only partially hewn out of the rock. Along the finished sides is a long procession of small figures, the colours of which have almost disappeared, though the design is intelligible for the greater part; evil genii appear in this train with large hammers; in one compartment, divided off by a gateway that the procession appears to enter, is a body stretched on a car, drawn by one in front, and impelled by another from behind. The character of the whole composition seems to partake of the preternatural the expression of terror and suffering, though subdued before a higher presence. The title, *Grotta del Passaggio dell' Anima* ("Of the Transit of the Soul"), has been fixed upon with reference to these paintings for this sepulchre, supplying such valuable illustration to the Etruscan mythology, which was the very first discovered in modern ages on this site—having, it is believed, been opened originally in 1699, then rediscovered by our countryman Mr. Byres, covered up or forgotten, and again reopened in 1780 by Cardinal Garampi, and first reported upon to the reading public by Micali, in his work published 1808. The curious processional group is happily preserved from the destruction threatening its original, in Mr. Byres's drawings, published in London by Colnaghi, 1842, under the title "Hypogæi." Reascending from the valley, and continuing along the higher road, the visitor is taken into six other tombs, of high interest from the paintings contained, regarding all of which the best possible authority to consult is the admirable work of Mr. Dennis. The hill called Monterozzi, along which winds this solitary road, appears to have formed the entire necropolis of Tarquinii, which the celebrated discoverer Avvolta supposes to have extended over sixteen square miles, and to have contained (inferring from the number of tombs, 2000, discovered here in recent years) not less, originally, than two millions of such deposits. It was in one of these that was presented to Avvolta in 1823 that most striking spectacle, on his accidentally breaking into the sepulchre of a "Lucumo," of the warrior occupant himself stretched, in complete armour, on his rocky couch, whose body crumbled away and disappeared in a heap of dust before the very eyes of the astonished and fascinated intruder! I regretted to find that all those tombs in which no paintings had been perceived are now closed; only the numerous inequalities on the hill-side, overgrown by long grass or bushes, remain to raise conjectures where the funeral mound may have subsided into the semblance of natural formations. With greater interest did I learn of the excavations which, begun early this spring, had been prosecuted till the middle of May, and of the treasures thus brought to light, yet unnoticed by any guide-book, and of course unseen by the author of "Cities and Sepulchres of Etruria." These excavations are conducted by a society whose principal director is a wealthy proprietor of Volterra, and to which is aggregated the distinguished Orioli. The intention is to continue them for three years, with cessation during the months when intense heat would expose the workmen to danger. The society divides the objects found among its members, to remain in their possession, unless Government should exercise the right to purchase secured to it by the law of this country. For the present all that has been discovered this spring remains at the Bruschii palace, a family now represented by a widow lady, who courteously admits the visits of strangers. Thither I went, on my return to Corneto, and expected, naturally, to be attended by some servant appointed for showing these antiquities; but, to my surprise, there presently appeared the Signora herself, a middle-aged lady of pleasing manners and an expression of strong sense, who politely acted cicerone to the museum under her care. In the first of two small rooms filled by these objects I observed a painted vase, which struck me as one of the most beautiful I had seen among Etruscan antiquities; the figures, in red on a black ground, representing a Bacchanalian scene, or group of the deity himself with attendants—the Bacchus under the more venerable aspect ascribed to that god, with long beard, flowing vestments disposed gracefully round the person, and the thyrsus in his hand; on one side a naked youth blowing the trumpet; on the other a Bacchante dancing; all designed with grace and freedom. According to the best authorities, vases of this description, with red figures or black, belong to the highest class of Etruscan terra-cotta painting. Another curious fragment here belonged to a wooden sarcophagus, one of the very few specimens of objects in wood preserved among Etruscan collections—an oblong portion, about two feet in length, of very strong-grained timber, together with which are several pieces of bronze bindings, evidently used to secure the sarcophagus from bursting. In the inner room were many objects of far

greater value, and one cabinet principally filled with ornaments in gold. Of these latter the most beautiful is an oak-leaf fillet for the brow, delicately wrought in the finest lamina, and forming a decoration which a queen might be proud to bind round her temples. Nothing of the same description in the admired cabinet at the Vatican could, I thought, be pronounced superior in workmanship to this. In the same material were three rings—two with large onyxes set in a swivel so as to revolve, one with a plain gold signet, and the name engraved on the inside (legible, from the knowledge attained of the Etruscan alphabet), "Aruncia;" also fragments of a bracelet and necklace, the latter with a *bullo* suspended to its massive links; and a pair of ear-rings in very delicate open work. Beside these were several pieces of carved ivory, that might have formed the sides of a casket—the figures in low relief, and of very small scale; extremely curious, though imperfect: one appears a demon, in act of combating an antagonist not visible; another, a charioteer; and another ivory presents a group reclined at the banquet. Most admirable for artistic design and execution is a bronze bas-relief, a group without *fondo*, that might have been fastened for ornament against a background of other substance; two miniature figures, both unfortunately headless, but still, from what remains, giving the idea of an attainment in art worthy (I should say) of its highest epoch in Greek antiquity. These figures are of different sexes—a youth nude, a female in long draperies—evidently a love scene, in which the suit is urged with rudeness and repelled with modest dignity. The not very delicate character of the subject is managed with the utmost delicacy it admits, and the anatomic as well as the draped details seemed to me faultless. In another cabinet are several bronzes—vases and hand-mirrors, with figures scratched on their circular disk, and a toy (as the object evidently must have been) representing a boy riding on a swan; some ivory cups and fragments of the same material, of slight proportions, that might have served for the toilet; cylindrical vases of alabaster, and another similarly shaped of opaque glass, painted in white stripes twisted on a reddish brown (one of the very few evidences that this substance was known to the Etruscans). One more golden ornament, and that among the most valuable, was shown me—a circlet like the *bullo*, probably for appending to a necklace, wrought with foliage and a very minutely defined profile amidst the leafy background.

It is disappointing to ascertain that researches which have already, in the course of a few weeks, brought such treasures to light should be prosecuted so inefficiently, either from indolence or sordidness, that not more than six or seven is, I am told, the number of labourers hitherto engaged.

(To be continued.)

ATTEMPT TO SOUND NIAGARA FALLS.—The gentleman who has been trying the experiment of sounding the river below Niagara Falls, writes as follows:—"Another attempt was made with a similar iron of about 40lb. weight, attached to a No. 11 wire, all freely suspended, so as not to impede the fall of the weight. I then let the weight fall from the bridge, a height of 225 feet. It struck the surface fairly, with the point down—must have sunk to some depth, but was not longer out of sight than about one second, when it made its appearance again on the surface, about 100 feet down the stream, and skipped along like a chip, until it was checked by the wire. We then commenced hauling in slowly, which made the iron bounce like a ball, when a cake of ice struck it, and ended the sport. I am satisfied that no metal has sufficient specific gravity to pierce that current, even with a momentum acquired by a fall of 225 feet. The velocity of the iron when striking must have been equal to 124 feet per second; and, consequently, its momentum near 5000lb. Its surface opposed to the current was about 50 superficial inches. This will give an idea of the strength of that current, and at the same time hint at the Titan forces that have been at work to scoop out the bed of the Niagara river."

AN OLD STORY.—The celebrated Bubb Doddington was very lethargic. Falling asleep one day after dinner with Sir Richard Temple and Lord Cobham, the general reproached Doddington with his drowsiness. Doddington denied having been asleep; and to prove that he had not, offered to repeat all that Lord Cobham had been saying. Cobham challenged him to do so. Doddington repeated a story, and Lord Cobham owned he had been telling it. "And yet," said Doddington, "I did not hear a word of it; but I went to sleep because I knew that about this time of the day you would tell that story."

Mr. Layard gave the House an anecdote on Friday evening. Baron Drouet, who was Minister of Finance in France after the Revolution, was assailed by all persons for public employment, and he received no less than 700 applications in one day. He wrote to them all, naming a particular day and hour for seeing them. The applicants all came on the same day; the antechambers, steps, and every room were filled—every man was astonished. Baron Drouet had an interview with them, and told them that he had only one place to offer them—that place was his own, and if any one chose to have it, he was welcome.

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

SCIENTIFIC SUMMARY.

GEOLOGY.

ON THE AGE OF THE ALLUVIUM OF THE NILE.—Mr. Leonard Horner has described some researches lately undertaken by him near Cairo, with the object of throwing light on the Geological history of the Alluvial land of Egypt. He thinks we are not cut off from all hope of being able to ascertain how many years were required to effect some of the great geological changes which, in ages past, the present surface of the earth has undergone by causes still in operation, if we will but carefully study the formation of the deltas of great rivers and the action of their waters upon the rocks and soils they traverse in their course.

To procure data to determine this problem we require a country in which such an alteration of the land has been effected, a part of which alteration shall have taken place within historical time, the records of which time we can satisfy ourselves upon with tolerable certainty; and, also, that the entire alteration of the land under consideration shall present throughout a tolerable uniformity in the character of the changes effected, so that we may be justified in assuming that the changes effected during the historical period with which we are acquainted, will afford us a trustworthy measure to determine the time occupied in producing the pre-historical changes. Egypt is such a country, and, perhaps, is the only land which offers an instance of a vast geological change going forward during the whole of a lengthened historical period, in the annual inundations of the Nile and the sedimentary deposits of these inundations, from which has been formed the alluvium of the valley of the Nile—there being good reasons for believing that the change there effected has been progressing with uniformity for ages prior to the period to which historical time ascends. An investigation of the formation of the alluvial land in the valley of the Nile is therefore of high interest both to the historian and geologist.

Mr. Horner's starting-point is that of the French savans of Buonaparte's Expedition to Egypt; to wit, the accumulation of the sediment of the Nile around monuments of known dates. If we assume that the average increase of depth of this sediment has been uniform from century to century, and divide the measured depth of sediment deposited around the monument from its base upwards by its age in centuries, we obtain a scale of secular increase whereby we may calculate the time occupied in the deposition of the Nile sediment between the base of the monument and the rock forming the channel over which the waters of the Nile first flowed when they started northward from the interior of the African continent—a scale, however, necessarily subject to correction for differences in the rate of increase between the earlier and later epochs of the river. On these grounds this geologist determined to have shafts sunk and borings made to the greatest practicable depth, in chosen positions in the Nile valley: to defray the expense of which labour the Royal Society placed a grant of money at his disposal.

A sketch of the geology and physical geography of Egypt will be useful here. Egypt is divided from Nubia by a low hilly region about fifty miles broad from north to south, chiefly granitic, but associated with cretaceous sandstone, as well as that belonging to the newer tertiary range. The valley of Upper Egypt is bounded by the Arabian range of hills on the right and the Libyan on the left of the river, both alike composed of limestones and sandstone. The cretaceous sandstone extends from the granite rocks which form the First Cataract at Assouan, for about eighty-five miles, where it is covered by a limestone resembling the upper chalk of Europe. This latter formation extends along both sides of the valley for about 130 miles, when it is in its turn covered by a tertiary nummulite limestone, which extends as far as the extensive quarries of Gebel Mokattam above Cairo.

At the beginning of this century it was thought that the Red Sea level was 30 feet above that of the Mediterranean; but recent researches have shown that the low-water mark of ordinary tides at Suez and Tineh is very nearly on the same level, that of Suez indeed being rather more than an inch the lower of the two.

At Philæ the Nile enters Egypt, being then about two miles broad, and soon after rushes through the rapids known as the First Cataract, where the fall is about eighty-five feet in five miles. At Assouan the river is contracted to about one-third of a mile in breadth; the average fall between which place and Cairo is a trifle more than six inches in the mile, the fall between Cairo and the Mediterranean being an average of about three and a half inches per mile. The annual inundation begins about the summer solstice, the rise being scarcely perceptible during the first week, when it becomes more rapid. About the middle of August it attains one-half its altitude,

reaching its maximum towards the end of September, remains stationary for some fourteen days, and then begins to fall—at first more rapidly than it rose; afterwards much less so, the subsidence continuing till the end of May. The river rises during ninety days or thereabouts, and falls for about 250—the maximum rise in 1846 was thirty feet ten inches. When the inundations commence the Nile is of a reddish colour and is loaded with sand and mud. The greater and heavier portion of this detritus is deposited in the higher parts of Upper Egypt, and, from the very gentle incline of the Delta, but a small amount of solid matter suspended in the water can reach the sea;—that portion, however, which does reach it is so finely comminuted, that the Nile has been traced forty miles from its mouth.

Mr. Horner was fortunate not only in securing the services of an engineer of repute, Hekekyan-Bey, but in procuring the sanction of the Viceroy of Egypt, who was pleased to order that these researches should be made at his expense. Operations were commenced at the obelisk of Heliopolis, about six miles below Cairo (the oldest one known, and which Lepsius estimates was erected 2300 years before Christ), by sixty men, under the direction of Hekekyan Bey, assisted by an artillery officer and some young Egyptian engineers, in June 1851. Nine pits were sunk around the obelisk at various distances down to the level of the filtration water from the Nile, and as much below that level as was practicable, the most important one being close to the obelisk. From the present surface of the ground to the upper surface of the pedestal on which the obelisk rested was 5 feet 6 inches, the intervening soil being wholly composed of Nile mud. The pedestal itself was 6 feet 10 inches in height, and rested on two limestone flags, the upper being 16 inches and the lower 15 inches in thickness, the foundation being pure sand. The earths met with in all these nine excavations at Heliopolis vary in colour, but pass into each other by insensible shades, all presenting so close a resemblance to the recent mud of the river that they may be all regarded as Nile mud, whilst the sands are almost pure quartz, resembling those of the adjoining deserts. In the same horizontal plane near the obelisk, where these nine pits were sunk, extending over no more than half a square mile, considerable variations were observed in the nature of the soil, but nowhere was an instance of lamination observed.

The quantity of solid matter held in suspension by the Nile waters near Cairo was determined by Dr. Abbott to be 110 grains in the gallon; this solid matter is stated to have yielded analytic results closely resembling a detailed statement of the composition of an average of eight specimens of the Nile mud collected by Hekekyan Bey, and analysed at the Royal College of Chemistry, which results (as stated) we confess we do not comprehend.

So far as these statements go, Mr. Horner appears to have failed in his object. No light whatever, so far as the data before us afford it, is thrown upon the interesting and important question raised by this geologist, who, however, promises accounts of further researches around Memphis and across the valley of the Nile, which we trust will bear better fruit than the description of the exertions before us lead us to hope for.

CHEMISTRY.

SILICON.—It will be remembered that M. St. Claire Deville has succeeded in obtaining the metal Aluminium in the ingot, and capable of application in the Arts, to so many of which it promises to be most useful; and that this gentleman, under the Imperial patronage, is engaged in bringing the production of this metal within the limits of an ordinary commercial product. To this chemist we are also indebted for some further information respecting the properties of silicon, or, as it would seem advisable to restore the former appellation, *silicon*, the basis of silica, of which sand and flint stones are familiar examples and known to us all.

With this silicon he ranks Boron, the basis of the peculiar acid which, united with soda, forms borax; and Titanium, a presumed metal, not applied as yet in the arts, and rarely met with—or rather perhaps recognised—since it probably is much more widely disseminated in nature than it is known to be; it being in the first place valueless, and, secondly, resembling, as titanic acid, silica so greatly that it is likely enough often confounded with this generally diffused substance.

M. St. Claire procures silicon by treating sodium heated to redness in a tray placed in a porcelain tube, with chloride or fluoride of silicon, and washing the product with water, which leaves silicon possessing the properties ascribed to it by Berzelius. If the portions which do not adhere to the tray be picked out, covered with fused chloride of sodium, and then exposed to a heat sufficiently high to volatilise the larger portion of the chloride of sodium, two kinds of silicon are obtained; *graphitoid silicon*, i.e., silicon analogous in some of its characters to that descrip-

tion of carbon known as graphite or black-lead; and fused silicon, which is often crystallized. This crystallised silicon resembles in colour the Elbese iron ore called specular-iron, especially when that mineral is a little iridescent. Its crystalline form cannot be accurately measured; the faces of the crystals being always curved, a peculiarity which frequently obtains with the diamond or crystallised carbon. In this state silicon cuts glass.

We thus have good reasons for restoring silicon to its old place among the metalloids; and it would also seem that, like carbon, it exists in three allotropic conditions.

1. The Silicon of Berzelius, that commonly described in chemical treatises, and which resembles ordinary carbon.

2. Graphitoid Silicon, corresponding with graphite, and obtainable under similar conditions to artificial graphite.

3. Crystallised Silicon, which is the analogue of the diamond.

Like carbon in respect to iron, but more extensive in its range, Silicon alloys metals, especially copper, to which it communicates hardness sufficient to resist the action of the file. This copper-steel, we would venture a hope, may prove useful in art; steel of peculiar kinds, and which is essential to further progress in certain kinds of mechanism—in die-sinking, &c.—is hardly to be obtained, and seldom, if ever, to be relied upon, although any price would readily be paid for it. Of what utility and value would a material be to the engraver and the mechanist, upon which he might bestow his labour and skill without the dread that, when his work came to the test, all his toil would be sought, from the uncertain nature of the material on which he worked. This fact of the extreme hardness imparted to copper by silicon suggests also an antiquarian question. The knowledge and use of iron, much more of steel, among the earlier civilised nations is very questionable; whilst we know that they were well acquainted with copper, and also were adepts in working both it and its alloys; in the latter especially often excelling the moderns in the requisite qualities they could give to the bronze and brass they made use of. Yet there is no known alloy of copper hard enough to have produced instruments by which the granites, porphyries, jades, &c. of ancient Egypt, have been wrought; whilst there are numerous passages in ancient writers which would lead us to infer that bronze instruments, i.e. such as had copper for the basis of the metallic substance of which they were formed, were used as cutting instruments in the earlier ages of the world; so that it may merit consideration whether, considering their actual or comparative ignorance of iron and steel, and thorough knowledge of copper, its properties and its alloys, the civilised people of the ancient world were not acquainted with this compound of copper and silicon, described by M. St. Claire as copper-steel; the process for procuring which, like so many other of their arts, has been swept away.

HERMES.

THE FORTNIGHT.

A very interesting paper was lately read by Mr. Hopkins, at the Cambridge Philosophical Society, "on the Temperature of the Earth and the other Planets." Heat radiating from the sun or from the stars passes through the atmosphere without materially affecting the temperature. The internal temperature of the earth affects that of the surface very little, which is nearly the lowest it could be under the same external circumstances. Heat radiating from all stellar space is nearly uniform; if then there was no sun and no atmosphere the surface temperature would equal that of stellar space. The atmosphere retained the heat, a portion only returning by convection, conduction, and radiation. The mean temperature of the earth depends on solar, stellar, and inter radiation. If the sun were removed, the surface temperature would be 77° below freezing-point, or about the same as if the Earth were removed to Jupiter or Saturn. At this distance an increase of eight or nine miles to the atmosphere would be required to raise the temperature to the present standard, the influence of solar and stellar heat being supposed about equal. But if the earth took the orbit of Venus the temperature at the equator would be 180 or 190 degrees Fahrenheit. And some 20,000 feet of the surface atmosphere, or nearly the height reached by Gay Lussac in a balloon, would require to be removed to reduce the temperature to its present state.

The effects of war on the mortality of the navy formed the subject of a paper read at the Statistical Society by Mr. Hodge. The mortality of the navy during peace was 16 to the 1000. From 1810 to 1812 it was 38.3, or nearly 140 per cent. more than during peace. This fact has been remarkably confirmed by the returns made during the late naval operations in China. Of 1000 cases of injury in action, 250 were killed, 75 died of wounds—total deaths, 325; re-

covered, but disabled, 95; recovered and fit for duty, 580. The mortality caused by ships wrecked or burnt was double of that in action. From 1793 to 1815, independent of vessels sunk or destroyed by the enemy, 28 line-of-battle ships, 62 frigates, and 251 smaller vessels—in all 341 sail—foundered, were wrecked or burnt from accidental causes, causing a loss of 13,621 lives; while from 1815 to 1850 the total number of vessels lost was only 185, and of men 1820. The risk of life was thus greater, even from accidents, during war than during peace. The loss inflicted on us in action varied as the skill of the enemy. At Cape St. Vincent, against the Spanish, for every ship taken or burnt our loss was 75 men killed and wounded per 1000 engaged. At the Nile, against the French, it was 7 more, or 82 per 1000; and at Camperdown, against the Dutch, it was 10 more, or 92 per 1000: thus showing the importance of nautical skill even in an economical point of view—a great fact for “the nation of shopkeepers,” and perhaps for the Admiralty also.

The smoke nuisance has at last roused our legislators from their lethargy, and operated upon the activity of inspectors, as appears from the cases of neglect brought forward. Our metropolitan atmosphere no doubt will in time be clearer, we hope also purer. Not that any praise is due for these very late proceedings; the practicability of prevention having been long ago demonstrated. The late Mr. Davies Gilbert, in a letter addressed to “*Nicholson's Journal*,” Aug. 6th, 1805, gives the following curious account of a steam-engine, constructed by Mr. Trevithick:—“The flue for conveying off the smoke, and affording a draft, was made of rolled iron; and the steam, which wholly escapes from these machines uncondensed, was conducted into the same tube about a foot above its insertion into the boiler, therefore many feet from the fire and beyond the register. When the engine began to move neither steam nor smoke were seen to issue from the flue; and when fresh coal was added, nothing more than a faint white cloud became apparent, and that only for a short time; nor were drops or mist visible anywhere.” Three million tons of coals are annually imported into London; of these 1,000,000 alone are consumed for manufacturing purposes; it is only over this portion that Government exercises any control; the remaining two-thirds are still left to pollute the atmosphere in their consumption. And a small steam jet (not Mr. Goldsworthy Gurney's invention; for, according to the statement given above, it was known fifty years ago) may yet prove of more avail than many plans that are now being proposed to eradicate this smoke evil. It is worth the trial, and only half a century old! We mention this as a guide to inventors.

“That there is no new thing under the sun” has received lately a further confirmation in a very remarkable manner; for, among the many articles exhumed by Col. Rawlinson in his excavations on the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates, a large piece of polished ivory was exhibited at the Royal Institution, having mathematical figures engraved on it, but so small as to require a powerful lens to distinguish them; it may, therefore, be fairly assumed that the engraver was assisted in his operations by some instrument of the kind.

The facility with which the electric telegraph has been worked under the sea, a distance of 350 miles, from Varna to Balaklava, will no doubt tend to increase speedily submarine communication. Already is the project for uniting this country with America by submarine wires not only entertained, but undertaken; for, on the side of America, labourers are at work preparing the line across Newfoundland, a distance of 400 miles, and also for the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The whole line from New York is 1200 miles long, 71 of which will go under the Gulf of St. Lawrence. From Ireland to Newfoundland the length of line required will be 1750 miles; the actual distance is 1600; but a detour is necessary to avoid the banks, upon which icebergs sometimes might ground, to the injury possibly of the wires.

While Sir Joseph Paxton and Mr. Fowler are planning to encircle the metropolis with a magnificent arcade and a partly subterranean railway, Mr. Lionel Gisborne has turned his attention to improve the communication between Westminster and the City, by means of an embankment, an esplanade, and a railway, the whole to be carried on columns, 25 feet apart, so as not to obstruct the view of the river. The proposal is to carry a quay wall 21 feet over high water mark, from Westminster on the left, and Lambeth Palace on the right bank, to London-bridge, confining the water-way to 700 feet, the proposed width of Westminster new bridge. A Paxton glass-covered esplanade, next the river, and 20 feet in width, for foot passengers, is to extend from Westminster to Paul's Wharf, where the corporation of London propose throwing a new bridge over the river; parallel with the esplanade isto be a railway; and next the railway a street 40 feet wide, on the Middlesex side, with large cellars underneath all. There are to be tidal basins for the wharves, with entrances 30 feet wide, and on the Lambeth side a road 70 feet wide; the ground alongside to be let for building purposes. The estimated cost, 1,900,000*l*.

It would appear that the fabrication of wooden clocks, transplanted from the Black Forest, Germany, is carried on to an immense extent in the United

States. In Connecticut alone, 1300 workmen are employed in the manufacture, producing annually 800,000 clocks.

From observations made lately in many parts of France, for the month of May to be called merry is a sad misnomer, existing only in the poet's fancy. A series of observations carried over a space of ten years shows that, contrary to general belief, the weather does not become milder with the increase in the length of the days. The cold generally commences about the middle of the month, and varies as the previous cold in the winter, manifesting itself soonest in the most northern latitudes very remarkably. For instance, the cold of May begins ordinarily on the 13th; at Berlin on the 11th; at St. Petersburg on the 9th; whilst at Lyons it is postponed until about the 20th. A very snowy winter is usually followed by a cold May; but a cold spring does not often follow a mild winter. The reason assigned is, that snow falling absorbs a great quantity of heat drawn from surrounding bodies, and from the atmosphere. It is supposed that the cold resulting from the abstraction of heat, commencing at the north, diminishes the temperature successively towards the south.

A manufacturer of Lyons, M. Petit, invented a machine for working gold, silver, and even iron, into very minute threads, so that the finest stuffs may be woven in this way. These stuffs, after having been used for dresses, coverings of furniture, and decorations, may be melted again, to reappear under different forms, according to fancy or fashion.

A new electric telegraph, invented by M. Bonelli, of Turin, claims the power of communicating with railway trains at all rates of velocity. Communications can also be made to the different stations, and from the Stations to the trains. Among the uses to which electricity has been successfully applied, Dr. Lambelle, of Paris, announces that an electric shock given to any person suffering from the effects of chloroform, immediately produces a change in the system, and eventually restores the sufferer to life.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL SCIENCE.

MONTHLY SUMMARY.

WE have already on several occasions had to draw the attention of our readers to the position of our national collection of antiquities, and to the lamentable manner in which its trustees let slip the opportunities which are presented to them of enriching that important branch of the National Museum. Their neglect of national antiquities is producing a very bitter feeling in the minds of our antiquaries, which, we are sorry to say, is reacting to the further prejudice of the interests of the national collection. Only the other day some superb Saxon antiquities were discovered in the Isle of Wight; but the owner, disgusted with the conduct of the Museum trustees in the matter of the Faussett Museum, at once ceded them to a nobleman of archaeological eminence, declaring that “the British Museum people should not have them at any price,” and this makes the third collection which the nation has recently lost in a similar manner. The Roach-Smith collection of London antiquities is still offered to the acceptance of the nation, though the owner has long since been offered the moderate sum which he asks for it.

It is greatly to Mr. Smith's praise that he does not give way to the vexation which he must naturally feel at the treatment which his offer has received at the hands of public officers, and at once save himself all further trouble by accepting the private offers which he has had. But the proper place of deposit for such a collection is either the British Museum or the Guildhall of the City of London; and Mr. Smith, wisely preferring the interests of the science to which he is so zealously devoted to the gratification of his pique, continues to retain his collection. Meantime an attempt is being made to influence the Museum trustees through the House of Commons; a petition lies at Mr. Chaffer's, 20, Old Bond-street, calling the attention of the House to this collection of London antiquities; and it is hoped that this will be a means of directing influential attention to the whole subject, and ultimately of compelling the trustees of the National Museum to pay a due attention to our national antiquities.

Our excellent contemporary, the *Builder*, has conferred a favour upon the antiquaries of the metropolis by devoting a couple of careful papers (in the Nos. for May 12 and June 9) to a description of the existing remains of the wall of old London, illustrated by a dozen nice little woodcuts of the most picturesque bits of the wall and its towers. For the convenience of our London readers who may desire to hunt out for themselves these remains of the old city, we proceed to give a summary of so much of the *Builder's* information as will serve to direct them in their search. The south-east corner of the wall was as near as possible to the site now occupied by the stairs leading to the steam-packet landing from Blackfriars-bridge, at which point formerly stood a strong tower. From this point the wall ran northward, a little to the east of the river Fleet, to the south-west corner of Ludgate-hill, where was another tower, at an angle of the wall. Here the wall took a turn eastward at right angles to its former course, until it came

to Ludgate. A portion of this wall was recently discovered under the Milton Club, and a fragment of the gate of the apocryphal King Lud is still remaining. From Ludgate the wall again ran northward to Newgate, and between the two gates were formerly two mural towers. Several traces of this part of the wall remain, and one of the mural towers, still tolerably perfect, exists on the premises of Mr. Farmer, the builder. From Newgate the wall ran in a north-easterly direction through St. Ann's churchyard to Noble-street. On this portion of the wall were five semicircular mural towers; but very few fragments of this portion of the wall remain. There is one small piece near Stationers' Hall, which may be reached through a gate at the end of Amen Corner; and another small piece in St. Ann's churchyard, near the Post-office. From Noble-street the wall ran northerly again, to Cripple-gate churchyard. Here are the most considerable and picturesque portions of the wall, forming the wall of Cripple-gate churchyard. The wall has here its full height, and two of the mural towers continue tolerably perfect. The interior of the principal tower can be easily reached by passing along Monkwell-street, and then through the gate of Lamb's Chapel. Leaving Cripple-gate, the wall still continues westward; and the next existing portion at which we arrive is in the White Horse-yard, Aldermanbury. Here is a portion of the wall bounding one side of the yard, cut through in one place so as to exhibit a good section of the wall; and behind the gate is one jamb of a postern door—a portion of the jamb of another postern may be seen at Norton Folgate. Hence the wall ran past Moor-gate-street, Bishopsgate, Bevis Marks, Duke's-place, along Houndsditch, and to near the Tower. The only visible remains of this part of its course are in St. Alphage-churchyard, where the old wall forms the boundary of one side of the churchyard; and an interesting piece near the Tower postern. In many portions of its line the wall follows the line, and is built upon the foundations, of the old Roman wall. It has, of course, everywhere seen numerous repairs. Some historical notices of the vicissitudes through which it has passed are given in the first of the *Builder's* papers, and material evidence of them may be still traced in the existing fragments of the wall.

We are glad to see an announcement of a work by Mr. J. H. Le Keux, illustrative of a few of the stone crosses of England and Wales. It is somewhat singular, when our ancient architectural monuments are so thoroughly studied, and when almost every branch of ecclesiastical antiquities has its monograph, that this very interesting subject has not been sooner taken in hand. Those who have not paid attention to such matters are little aware of the immense number of these ancient crosses which remain, extending in a series from the time of the Roman occupation of Britain down even to the revival of such things at the Restoration of Charles II. Of those of Saxon date there are hundreds, many of them covered with elaborate sculptures, and not a few bearing inscriptions. Those of later date, and of the finest periods of mediæval art, are not so numerous as the earlier ones; but they are considerably more numerous than is generally supposed, and they include some very beautiful examples of Gothic art. Mr. Le Keux proposes only to give 100 of them, selecting, we presume, those which are most beautiful pictorially. His work will still leave abundant room for another which shall embrace the whole series, and treat them archaeologically.

The volume for 1854 of the associated Antiquarian and Architectural Societies of the Archdeaconry of Northampton, the County of York, the Dioceses of Lincoln and Worcester, and the County of Bedford, has reached us. Its contents are principally of an ecclesiastical character, and contain abundant matter of interest to the student of ecclesiastical antiquities. Among other papers of interest, Mr. Walbrun gives an account of the excavations which he has for some time past superintended at Fountains' Abbey, in continuation of the report which he formerly gave at the Ripon meeting of the Yorkshire society. Not much of general interest has, however, been recently discovered; one singular discovery we mention, in the hope that some one of our readers may be so fortunate as to suggest an interpretation of it. Besides the chapels formed by parcloises in the aisles of the nave, the main body of the nave was crossed by not less than four screens, affording space for at least eight altars; one of these screens was fixed in front of the last bay of the nave (eastward); on the east side of this screen, and divided by the processional pathway, were two spaces of the form of the Roman letter L, walled on both sides and flagged at the bottom; in that on the south side nothing was discovered; but in the other a large quantity of charcoal ashes, and to the astonishment of all who have seen them, nine vases or jugs of rude earthenware, each sufficiently capacious to have contained two fluid gallons, fixed on their sides within the walls of the space, and also partially filled with charcoal. The charcoal ashes may, perhaps, have been cast here from the neighbouring furnace, in which the spoliators of the church melted down the lead, using the carved screen-work for fuel; but the occurrence of the walls and vases is unique, and hitherto inexplicable. At the west end of the nave were found inserted in the floor square stones

two feet three inches square, each inscribed with a circle, and marking the positions observed by the several members of the convent in forming into procession, when on high days they went to meet their patrons or benefactors on their visiting the church. Two also of those plates of lead perforated with elegant patterns, such as were found at Sawley Abbey, were found among the rubbish. Mr. Walbrun conjectures that they were inserted in the windows for the purpose of ventilation. Mr. Walbrun announces that Earl de Grey, the noble owner of the abbey, has directed that all such statues, sculptures, mouldings, brackets, capitals, or other ornamental portions of the buildings, as are suffering decay, shall be carefully cast in plaster; and that a copy of each, when the original ought not to be removed, shall be kept, together with all the curiosities that have been found during the excavation, in the court-room, which is to be fitted up for their reception. Unless we are mistaken, casts in plaster of Paris, though they last exceedingly well for twenty or thirty years, yet ultimately, and within (archæologically considered) a short time, yield to the chemical action of the atmosphere, and become disintegrated. If this be the case, and unless some means be taken to indurate these plaster-casts, we fear the Earl's most excellent intention of preserving copies of the present condition of these sculptures long after the originals have yielded to the crumbling influence of the atmosphere, will be frustrated; and that the copy will yield to the destroyer even before the stone whose features it was intended to perpetuate. By-the-by, it has always appeared to us that this is a point which deserves very serious consideration on the part of the conservators of that very valuable collection of casts in the Westminster Architectural Museum.

The volume before us contains also the report of a sub-committee of the Worcester Society on the fine relic of 14th-century domestic architecture in that city known as the Guesten Hall; and some clever pen-and-ink sketches and architectural details of the building are given, from the pen of Mr. G. E. Street, reproduced by the anastatic process. The sub-committee recommends the restoration of the hall, which it is estimated will cost 900*l.* or 1000*l.*; there still remains some of the original mural decoration on the end wall behind the dais; to the height of about 12 feet the wall was covered with a diaper of quatrefoils, each of which incloses a shield of arms. Above this is a series of paintings, and in the centre a large sitting figure of the Saviour, surrounded by a vesica-shaped aureole, the whole inclosed within a rectangular narrow border, or frame of ornamental work; the spandrels between the aureole and the frame being filled in with the Evangelistic symbols. On each side of this central painting are other subjects, not so tall, and finished at the top with a continuous border, similar to that which surrounds the central painting. The subjects on the left are scarcely distinguishable—they appear to be the Annunciation and the B. Virgin Mary; on the right there is one subject in two compartments, separated by architectural canopies, viz., the Adoration of the Magi—the Magi occupying one compartment, the Holy Family the other. This is a very interesting example of the way in which domestic as well as ecclesiastical buildings were decorated at this period.

The French Minister of Public Instruction has recently decided upon a work of great national importance, viz., the collection into one *corpus* all the French compositions extant of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries—a noble monument of the French language and literature. Its compilation is intrusted to a number of competent savans, the printing being given to the house of Didot Frères.

The *Athénæum Français* of May 12th gives an interesting summary of the discoveries which have been recently made in the course of excavations around the great Sphinx by M. Auguste Mariette, whose important excavation of the Serapeum of Memphis we have on a former occasion briefly noticed. In 1833 an English Egyptologist, Mr. Cottrell, discovered at Florence, in the papers of Caviglia, who was the first to undertake considerable excavations around the Colossus, the plan of two chambers which he had discovered behind the Sphinx, and which contained hieroglyphic texts. Mr. Birch, of the British Museum, suggested the idea that if these two chambers could be re-discovered, their inscriptions might reveal the origin of the gigantic statue. M. le Duc de Luynes, apprised of this fact by M. de Rougé, wished, with his well-known liberality, to put M. A. Mariette in a position to pursue this interesting piece of research, and furnished him with the funds requisite for the excavations; and this act of liberality was soon followed by a grant from the French Government. M. Mariette accomplished the laying bare of the Sphinx; which turned out to be a natural rock, out of which the art of the ancient Egyptians—perfecting perhaps some rude natural resemblance—had formed the statue of a god. This god was Horus; and the temple in which the colossal image was worshipped has been discovered at the south-east of the statue. This temple was an enormous quarried inclosure, comprehending a crowd of chambers or of galleries, constructed with gigantic blocks of alabaster and of granite. This edifice, completely destitute of hieroglyphic inscriptions, like

the majority of the monuments of the more ancient Pharaohs, dates back, to all appearance, to the fourth dynasty. The Egyptians sculptured the head of the Sphinx, and blocked up the large natural cavities, and modelled the forms with masonry. This Colossus was located at the bottom of a kind of fosse, whose lateral walls were at a distance of twenty metres from its flanks. M. Mariette supposes that anciently the water of the Nile was admitted into this fosse. It was in order to descend into this fosse that, at a later period, the Greeks constructed the steps which were discovered by Caviglia. Beside the right flank of the Sphinx, our traveller has found a colossal statue of Osiris, formed of twenty-eight portions, a number which reminds us of the number of portions into which, according to the Egyptian mythology, the body of Osiris was divided. The full dimensions of the Sphinx have been obtained; its height is nearly twenty metres. In the back and towards the tail of the statue M. Mariette has recognised the vertical pits, whose existence had already been noted by Vanselo and Pococke, who thought that it might be possible by them to penetrate into the apartments which they supposed to exist in the interior of the statue. These pits, on being carefully explored, present a chamber, rudely chiselled, which in reality is only a natural fissure, artificially enlarged. In this chamber were some fragments of wood, which, on being burnt, exhaled a strong odour of resin—a fact which leads to the belief that the wood formed part of a sarcophagus.

It had been supposed that, anciently, the whole statue was painted red; but there was nothing found to indicate that this was really the case. The face of the figure alone was covered with this colour at a period subsequent to that of Rameses the Great; for the beard of the statue presented a painting of an act of worship of the date of this Pharaoh, over which the red had been applied. The Greek inscriptions found near the steps inform us that the colossus bore the name of *Harmakhis*, the meaning of which has not yet been discovered.

ART AND ARTISTS.

WORKS OF GERMAN ARTISTS.

An exhibition of works of German artists is opened at 168, New Bond-street. The number of the pictures in the catalogue is one hundred. There are landscapes by Gude, Bodom, Lessing, Achenbach, Weber and others of lesser note; pictures of life and manners by Vautier, Geselschap, Jordan, and Kels, some of the romantic-historical character by Camphausen, Siegert, and Sell, and fruit pieces by Preyer. The specimens generally are not superior to those which have been exhibited here in the preceding years, and do not give a very high idea of the German school. The landscapes are weak and mannered in detail, and with little to recommend them in point of colour. In this respect they contrast very disadvantageously with the bold and original landscapes of which the French Exhibition in Pall Mall supplies some examples. The conclusion arrived at by the Parisian critics from the general exhibition now at Paris, seem to be that there are at present in existence only two genuine and original schools of painting, the English and the French, although in certain ideal works of high character the Germans may possess a few artists of extraordinary merit. In other words, English and French artists alone are still in communication with Nature, and continue to drink from her inexhaustible fountains, while other schools have sunk into mannerisms, and do little but reproduce reflections, ever fainter, of the productions of the early masters. We may mention the works of Kels, Geselschap, Vautier, and Jordan, as those which appear to contain the most vital sap among those here collected. Probably, however, the hundred works in this gallery do not present quite a fair specimen of what our Germanic relatives can do in the departments of art here represented.

LOCAL EXHIBITIONS.

We are glad to see the system of local periodical exhibitions of paintings and works of art extending itself over the country. Our large manufacturing and commercial towns, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Bristol, Norwich, have all their several art-galleries, which open as those of the Metropolis close; and attempts have been recently made in places less densely peopled to get up similar exhibitions. At Worcester a Society of Arts was founded last year, with the object of promoting the knowledge of works of art and aiding their sale, with the ultimate view of applying any surplus of profits arising to the formation of a permanent gallery of art. Although a private society, it is provided by one of the rules that in the event of a dissolution, all donations of funds and collections which may have been formed shall be dedicated to the benefit of the city and county of Worcester. In time we may hope to see the country studded with collections of this character destined to be local centres of civilisation.

ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.

THE session of this distinguished institute closed its labours for 1854-55 on the evening of Monday, the 25th June, and the *soirée* was honoured by the presence of his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, and all the leading members of the Academy. The bill of fare furnished to the members on the occasion was unusually attractive, containing Irish antiquities, Italian poetry, improvements in engines of war, accounts of animals discovered in Nineveh, and geometrical conclusions. The new building, which the liberality of Government has enabled the members to occupy, is situate in Dawson-street, having St. Anne's church on one side (where the remains of the gifted Felicia Hemans enjoy that repose the sad trials of life denied her), and the Mansion House, scene of many a civic festival, on the other. The present Academy there is very well adapted to its purpose, and contains a rare and valuable museum, rich in Celtic antiquities, and adjoining the spacious library, in which the meetings of the members are now held. The chair was taken at eight o'clock by the eminent President, Rev. Romney Robinson, D.D., and on his right sat the distinguished guest, the Earl of Carlisle, who evinced the deepest interest while the following members read their communications. George Petrie, LL.D., one of the vice-presidents, gave a most interesting account of an ancient shrine, or cover of the Gospels, which, according to an inscription in Irish, was made for St. Molaise. Dr. Haller delivered a critical essay on the revival of Italian literature in the 14th century, and gave an admirable summary of the beauties of the writings of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio. The next was a most useful and well-timed paper by Mr. Mallet, on the bursting of ordnance when firing red-hot shot, which had deep interest for every ear, from the circumstance of our being now engaged in so deadly a struggle with our terrible enemy. He advised discontinuing the practice of firing heated shot from the cannon now fabricated, and substituting in their place cast steel guns. Rev. Dr. Todd read an interesting communication from Rev. Edward Hincks, D.D., on various animals mentioned in the Assyrian inscriptions; and Sir Wm. Hamilton addressed learned observations on some new geometrical applications of Quaternions.

The President said it remained for him to congratulate the members on the close of a more than usually successful session. All their communications possessed considerable value; many of them deserved particular attention. In science they had not derogated from their high character. Besides Sir Wm. Hamilton's communications, he might name those of Dr. Graves and one of the junior members, Mr. Carmichael, whose performances they might regard as the earnest of future success. He might also refer to the communication of Dr. Hincks, and to those on the mysterious Ogham by Dr. Graves. He took the opportunity of congratulating them on their new location, which, however, was not yet finished. He hoped, when next they met, he should have to announce further means of progress and brighter hopes; and that, as then his official career would close, and he would more rarely be able to partake of those intellectual enjoyments which all who attended these meetings must share, yet his esteem for the body, and the feeling of its importance to the best interests of the country, would be increased each successive year of his life. He thanked his Excellency for the honour of his attendance, and referred to his Excellency's claims as an author and patron of arts, which elicited marked applause.

His Excellency said—I did not expect to address so numerous a company, and I assure you I feel it would be misplaced for me to detain this assembly, which to-night has been so worthily occupied. I had known by former experience that this institution devotes its special care to austere science, to polite literature, and to venerable antiquity; all these have received fitting illustration this evening. We have had, under so distinguished a presidency, surveyed some of the treasures of Irish ecclesiastical antiquity; we have rifled some of the events of Italian literature; we have heard the echoes of that artillery, which is now more fearfully reverberating on a distant shore; we have dived into the sandy mounds of Nineveh; and we have heard a person, of such European reputation as Sir William Hamilton, paying a graceful compliment to the lucidity and clearness of others, which shows how strikingly he possesses those qualities himself. It only remains for me to say I share with all who have been partakers to-night in the high gratification which has been afforded us.

The members then adjourned to the refreshment-room, where the attention of his Excellency was directed to illustrations of ancient Irish crosses, manuscripts, and other antiquities, exhibited by Mr. Henry O'Neil.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

THE Committee of Management of the Glasgow Art Union have commissioned Mr. Vincent Brooks to execute a *fac-simile* in chromo-lithography of the picture by John Gilbert, "The Spanish Peasants going to Market;" and 1000 copies are to be dis-

tributed as prizes amongst the members of that society. We have seen a copy of Mr. Brooks's colour-print, and can express warm approval of the execution.—The Committee of the Architectural Museum are offering prizes for wood-carving and stone-carving.—Six hundred pounds is, it is understood, the price paid for Mr. Millais's "Rescue." The "Order of Release," exhibited last year, was sold to the same purchaser for three hundred guineas.—Mr. Arkwright, who purchased the old Town Hall at Leominster, intending to re-erect it near his own seat at Hampton Court, has presented it as a museum and reading-room to the people of the town.—The photographic process is in active operation in Durham gaol, the likenesses of notorious prisoners being taken on admission, so as to facilitate their apprehension in the event of their escape.—Mr. J. W. Carmichael, the distinguished marine painter, formerly of Newcastle-on-Tyne, has been commissioned by the Lords of the Admiralty to proceed to the Baltic and join the fleet there, for the purpose of taking views of that sea, and of such operations as may occur in connection with the present war.—Lord Harrowby, as chairman of the annual meeting of the Artists' Benevolent Fund, stated at the last meeting that, during the past year, the fund had paid annuities of 15*l.* each to fifty-two widows, and granted assistance to twenty-nine orphans of artists, to the extent of 187*l.* 10*s.* A list of subscriptions was read, including a hundred guineas from the Queen which amounted in the whole to 350*l.*—Mr. Pinches, the medallist to the Crystal Palace Company, has just issued the first of a series of new war medals, to be struck in the building, commemorative of the recent campaigns in the Crimea. The first medal is for "Inkermann." It presents on one side a group actively engaged in the contest of war, and upon the other the names of all the regiments, with the divisions to which they respectively belonged, that were engaged in that arduous struggle. The medal is very neatly designed, and the execution creditable to the medallist.—Nothing has yet been done to rectify the injury sustained by those painters who were good enough to lend their pictures to the Yorkshire sight-seers at Leeds. The pictures are still detained at the railway station; and no one is able to recover his own property until the whole bill for carriage is discharged. Under these circumstances, a correspondent of the *Athenæum* suggests a meeting of the complainants.—The Lords of Her Majesty's Committee of Privy Council for Trade have appointed the following noblemen and gentlemen to act as jurors for the Paris Universal Exhibition:—*For Fine Arts, Painting, Engraving, and Lithography.*—Division 2, Class 28: Lord Elcho, Daniel MacIse, Esq., R.A., Frederick Taylor, Esq., and J. H. Robinson, Esq. *For Sculpture.*—Class 29: R. Westmacott, Esq., R.A., and W. Calder Marshall, Esq., R.A. *For Architecture.*—Class 30: Sir Charles Barry, R.A., and Professor Cockerell, R.A. *For Glass and Pottery.*—Division 1, Class 18: John Webb, Esq.—An old and very disreputable trick in the Art-trade has recently been revived. A correspondent of a contemporary writes to denounce this trick and to put purchasers of prints on their guard. He says: "Certain parties in London have bought plates from the publishers after these plates have been comparatively worn out by printing; the lettering has been taken out, and the plates have been reprinted on India paper without letters, and are offered by auction in every large town in the kingdom as genuine proofs. The advertisement is generally headed 'Messrs. Greaves & Co. of London,' obviously intended to be mistaken by the unwary for Greaves & Co."—The late Mr. W. Hope's collection of paintings and drawings has just been sold by auction in Paris. A Flemish Interior, by Bega, went for 20*l.*; a Halt of Travellers, by Cuyt, for 96*l.*; a Portrait of a Dutch Lady, by Van der Helst, 72*l.*; An Interior, by Peter Von Hoog, 56*l.*; A Collation, by Netscher, 61*l.*; Village Politicians, by Charlet, 10*l.*; Siege of Saragossa, by Horace Vernet, 532*l.*; a Battle-field, by Paul Delaroche, 246*l.*; a Sentinel, by Meissonnier, 182*l.*; and a Market Woman, by Van Schendel, 132*l.* Amongst the drawings was one by Bouilly, representing the exhibition of the famous painting of Napoleon's Coronation, it fetched 11*l.*; a Woman's Head, by David, 8*l.*; a Meeting of Dutch Personages, by Hendrick, 10*l.*; fourteen drawings of subjects in French history, by Alaux, 12*l.*; sixty portraits of celebrated women, 26*l.*; and 129 drawings ascribed to Watteau, jun. (but very poor), 11*l.*; two drawings of females, not worth a couple of guineas, fetched as much as 22*l.*—Mr. Digby Wyatt writes to the *Times* as follows:—"Sir,—At the present moment, when everything connected with Kertch becomes interesting, many of your readers may be gratified by having their attention directed to a few antiquities brought from the ruins of the city known to the ancients as Panticapæum, according to Strabo the capital of the district of the European Bosphorus, and now the site of the modern Kertch. These curious relics are exhibited in the British Museum, in the same room with the Assyrian and Egyptian pottery, and several cases of miscellaneous archaeological specimens. The most important item consists of a portion of a wooden moulding of Grecian character; and, singularly enough, of all the corresponding fragments I have had opportunities of seeing, it is the one of all others

which most satisfactorily exhibits the old practice of gilding and painting classical ornaments of an architectural nature. The leaves which form the ornament are still almost entirely covered with thick gold leaf, and are relieved upon a vermilion ground, the tint of which, where not covered and obscured by dirt, is as brilliant as if it had not been laid on more than a month ago. The largest specimen consists of the leg of a chair, also in wood, of an elegant design, and spiritedly carved. It is remarkably well preserved, considering that most similar remains of ancient woodwork have long ago disappeared from the face of the earth, leaving our notions of classical furniture to be mainly based upon representations in paintings and bas-reliefs. In addition to the above, which have appertained to the living, there are several other relics which have been taken from the resting-places of the dead. A golden fibula, a neck string of glass beads, a wooden comb, and portions of a garment, which have been but partially carbonised when the body of the occupant of the tomb was burnt upon its funeral pyre, are so many records of the nationality and habits of those, who may have fought and bled to win from the successors of the Milesians the very soil which British valour has now so auspiciously secured. Who can tell whether, after the lapse of as many centuries as have passed away since the cohorts of victorious Rome laid their strong hand upon Panticapæum, some enthusiastic antiquary may not gather up from the grave of some hastily-buried English soldier analogous evidences of enterprise and daring?"

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

NEW MUSIC.

Brighter than the Stars of Summer. Written and adapted from Verdi's Opera "Il Trovatore." By GEORGE LINLEY. London: Campbell, Ransford, and Co.

WE are no great admirers of adaptations. Music generally amalgamates with those words to which it is written with better effect than where the words are written to the music; in the latter case it is difficult to avoid false accentuations. Mr. Linley has managed his words in the adaptation with some success. The sentiment is pretty, and the hymn is flowing.

Orpheus with his Lute. Duet for Soprano and Contralto. Music by J. L. HATTON. London: Campbell, Ransford, and Co.

THE revival of Shakspeare's play of Henry VIII., with the music by Mr. Hatton, was attended with marked success, and this duet always received its full share of applause. It is a composition of merit, evidently written by one imbued with poetical feeling, and who makes his musical knowledge subservient to his inspiration.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

MR. CHARLES BRAHAM, who has been giving a concert in Paris with fair success, is said to have been offered an engagement at the Grand Opera.—At Vienna Mme. Leniewska, a Polish cantatrice, if there be any faith in names, is now singing with very great success. In "La Sonnambula" she is described as perfect.—Grisi and Mario appear in Dublin on the 6th of August for a brief engagement, "previous to their final retirement."—Mademoiselle Rachel, it is expected, will visit this country on her way to the United States, and perform four of her principal characters at St. James's Theatre.—The indefatigable Barnum has favoured the prodigiously public of New York with the announcement of a new marvel—i.e., the "infant Esau, two years old, covered with hair, and has already a full beard and whiskers!"—M. Thalberg's second theatrical work, "Christina di Svevia," has been produced at Vienna with every sign of approval; and the composer has passed through London on his way to Rio Janeiro, where he is engaged for some concerts.—The week before the Birmingham Festival, the meeting of the Three Choirs at Hereford is to take place, commencing on Tuesday, the 21st of August. The principal artists engaged are Mesdames Novello and Grisi, Miss Dolby, and Mrs. Weiss; Signor Mario, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss.

MRS. JOHN MACFARREN'S CONCERTS OF PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

THE concluding matinee took place on Saturday, June 16, at the Beethoven Rooms. On the present occasion Mrs. Macfarren gave, with Mr. Sterndale Bennett, the "Andante con variazioni" of Mendelssohn, for two pianists; Mozart's ever fresh and charming Quartett in G minor, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello, with Messrs. Watson, Clementi, and Aylward; also Beethoven's glorious Sonata in G, for pianoforte and violin, with Herr Ernst. The vocalists were Miss Jenny Bauer, Miss Stabach, Mr. Miranda, and Mr. Weiss, who were ably accompanied by Mr. Walter Macfarren. Herr Ernst created his usual *clat* in an Allegretto and Notturmo. Mrs. John Macfarren executed with great effect the "Elisir d'Amore" of Thalberg, and brought the concert to a close with Döhler's Nocturne and Prudent's sparkling and fanciful "Réveil des Fées."

LITERARY NEWS.

MR. BOGUE applied to the Vice-Chancellor for an injunction to restrain Messrs. Routledge from selling a work called "Every Boy's Book," which is alleged to be an infringement on the copyright of the "Boy's Own Book." The motion was refused.—It is announced in America that Professor Guyot intends to write a "History of the Universe and of the Earth," according to the present state of Science—the only way to give a full and satisfactory commentary on the first chapter of Genesis.

A statue of Allan Ramsay is to be erected in Edinburgh. It will stand at the end of a terrace near the head of the mound.—There will probably be a vacancy in the professorship of Natural Philosophy in Queen's College, Cork, in October next, as it is the intention of Professor Shaw to accept a tutorship in Trinity College, Dublin, at the end of the long vacation.—The *New York Literary Gazette* states that the poet, James Russell Lowell, is just about sailing for Europe, to spend a year abroad before entering on the duties of his professorship at Cambridge. He will pass through France and Germany, and after a residence of a few months in Dresden, where Mrs. Putnam, his sister, the learned writer on Hungary, is now living, will then proceed to Spain, partly with a view of traversing the localities made famous by the great romance of Cervantes—following literally in the footsteps of Don Quixote.—Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne contemplates resigning his office as Consul at Liverpool, at the end of his present year of service, as the salary of this office has been cut down about one-half. He intends to travel for a year in Europe, and then return to the United States.—An authenticated *fac-simile* of the dubious letter signed W. S., which accompanied the manuscript of "More-dun," is deposited for inspection in the Crystal Palace Free Library at Sydenham, and is exhibited in the reading room. Another authenticated copy is deposited in the British Museum, the original being in the possession of Messrs. Low, the proprietors of the work.

At a meeting held in Christ Church at the Sub-deanery on June 11, it was resolved to found a Greek prize, to be called "the Gaisford Prize," in memory of the late Dean of Christ Church, Regius Professor of Greek; and for this purpose to raise by subscription a sum of not less than 1000*l.*, the interest of which shall be annually employed, to reward a successful prizeman or prizemen, under such regulations as shall be approved by Convocation.—An American has devised an iron wall. It is light and strong, may be easily taken to pieces, and erected with little labour or expense.—One of the first acts of the French, on the capture of Kertch, was to pounce on the Museum, which contains a number of objects of the highest interest to the students of classical history and song.—A new comet has just been discovered at the Imperial Observatory, Paris, in the constellation Gemini. It is visible from nine to eleven in the evening. This comet, the discovery of which is due to M. Dien, is nearly in the same route which appeared to be followed by two comets observed, one in 1264, and the other in 1556.—A Paris physician has just published a pamphlet with the title of "The Physical and Moral Degeneration of the Human Race caused by Vaccination." The startling theory that Jenner, who for more than half a century has enjoyed the reputation of one of the greatest benefactors of humanity that ever existed, was in fact the principal author of cholera and a host of modern diseases, has been broached before, but without exciting much attention. Now, however, the Imperial Academy of Medicine has placed the subject on their paper for discussion.—Several missions of the highest interest to history, literature, and archaeology, have been recently given by the Paris Minister of Public Instruction. M. de la Villemurque, member of the commission of language, history, and arts of France, has been charged to seek in the libraries and archives of England for manuscripts interesting to the history and literature of the western departments of France; M. Jules Oppert, to study the Assyrian inscriptions and monuments brought from the ruins of Nineveh, which are to be found in the collection of the British Museum in London; M. Damase Arnaud, correspondent of the Ministry of Public Instruction for historical works, to examine the archives of Barcelona for writings and documents of a nature to interest the history of the southern provinces of France, as well as those connected with the commercial relations of the south of France with the Levant in the Middle Ages; and M. Adolphe Dumas is charged with a literary mission, having for object to collect the popular poetry of the south of France.

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

ADELPHI.—*Helping Hands*: a Drama in two acts, by Tom Taylor, Esq.

DRURY LANE.—*Opera.*

MISCELLANEOUS FACTS.

MR. TOM TAYLOR's last novelty (he has been so very prolific lately that it becomes necessary to distinguish) has hardly supported the credit of his last efforts. After so brilliant and notable a success as "Still Waters Run Deep" (a piece which my absence from

town prevented me from noticing in proper time, and which I can only parenthetically refer to here as being, to my thinking, the very best original piece which has adorned the English stage for years), it required a very strong effort indeed to prevent his reputation from executing a slight retrograde motion. Indeed, this perhaps was necessary; for, if authors did not sometimes fail, they never could succeed, and Mr. Taylor, finding himself *facile princeps* of the English drama, and accepted as such, might grow careless, and suffer his genius to run to seed, as many great minds have done before him, and will yet do. Judged by the requirements of the age, Mr. Taylor is unquestionably the very best dramatist now writing for the English stage. Sheridan Knowles is not of this age: Talfourd has waned away; the genius of Bulwer (in spite of a few brilliant successes) does not lie in that direction. Moreover, all these great minds were poetical: Taylor is, as the age is, practical, eminently practical; and directly he mistakes his vocation, and attempts to put on false wings to fly into the Empyrean, then, and then only, will he find to his cost that he has turned out of the high-road to success into that which leads to failure.

The qualities which go to make up this dramatist are, so far as I understand them, knowledge of the world, knowledge of books, knowledge of the English language, and knowledge of what to avoid. In the works of Mr. Tom Taylor we generally find the interest lie rather in the story than in what are called stage situations. He avoids clap-trap, and never avails himself of those tempting opportunities of "bringing down the gallery," which inferior authors never neglect. This renders his pieces unpopular with the theatrical profession, who (vain to childishness) love the sweet incense of praise—even from the beguiled lips of "the gods"—and think more of the rounds of applause to be extracted from a given scene than of the general effect of the whole piece upon the mind of the audience. Perhaps if he be fairly chargeable with any besetting sin, it is that of too carefully polishing his dialogue; the smartness may be a trifle too obvious, the allusions a little too deep, the wit rather too unintermittent for natural talk; but this very fault was, after all, the only excellence of Dion Bourciault, who never (not even in that particularly overrated comedy, "London Assurance," displayed half the wit or half the knowledge of human nature illustrated by "Still Waters Run Deep."

To those inclined to any "question," of the above somewhat discursive ratiocination, I would reply that it is somewhat to the point, inasmuch as it indicates the cause of the failure (or rather want of success) of *Helping Hands*.

In this piece Mr. Taylor has wandered from his accustomed paths, and has sought to compose a sentimental drama. The sole incident upon which the whole of the very long story turns is the loss and recovery of a Stradivarius fiddle by a poor old German musician. The motion of the story upon this basis is obvious enough. Mr. Webster is the blind and rheumatic old fiddler; Madam Celeste is Margaret, his devoted daughter; Miss Cuthbert is a hard landlady, pressing for rent; Mr. Selby is a Jew broker, called in to appraise; Stradivarius is seized by the Jew, who knows its value, and sells it to Lord Quaverley (Mr. Garden) amateur in fiddles; Lord Quaverley discovers the fraud perpetrated upon the old musician through the instrumentality of William Rufus (Mr. Keeley), a comic shoe-black, who is in love with Matilda (Mrs. Keeley), a ditto servant of all-work; justice is done, the Jew is punished, and all who ought to be happy eventually become so. To say that it is well acted would be a needless compliment; but there is no disguising the fact that the piece is prosy and Mr. Taylor's attempt to be sentimental a failure. It is no fit pendant for "Still Waters Run Deep."

Mr. E. J. Smith's operatic experiment is most successful, if the crowded houses nightly attracted by the excellent entertainment and cheap charges are any criterion. Madame Arga proves nearly as successful as Madame Gassier; and Rita Favanti is shortly to appear in "La Cenerentola."

Those twin constellations, Messrs. Wright and Paul Bedford, are delighting the East-enders from the boards of the Royal National Standard Theatre; and Charles Matthews (the prince of English comedians) is playing to not such very good houses at the neighbouring City of London. The admirers of vulgarity are talking and writing a great deal of nonsense about the "strong sympathies" of the English commonality to account for this anomaly; but the simple fact is, that to the coarse palates of the inhabitants of Shore-ditch and Norton Falgate strong cheese and onions are preferable to vanilla. How is it that our best comedian is compelled to cast his pearls before these swine? Rumour says that it is because he has sold himself, not to the purchasers of *Der Freischütz*, but to Mr. E. T. Smith; who lets him out for what he can get for him. Can this be true?

On the evening of Friday week an extraordinary scene was enacted at the Olympic Theatre. It was Mr. Wigan's benefit night, and when the doors were open it was found that no less than eight rows of the pit had been added to the already far-encroaching stalls, leaving only six rows of pit for the public,

most of which were under the shelter of the first tier of boxes. As the pit filled with people, who (attracted by the new cast of the "School for Scandal") had waited for hours outside, considerable dissatisfaction was expressed; and as Mr. Wigan did not come forward to offer some explanation of the matter, the "many-headed monster" proceeded to take matters into its own hands, by getting over the barriers into the stalls. This brought forward Mr. Wigan; but he, instead of casting oil upon the storm, considerably inflamed it by losing his temper and talking about having "Bow-street to back him." As Bow-street was represented by two policemen, that thoroughfare very prudently and properly declined to interfere. The consequence was that the invading pittees held their ground during the evening, and many of the Lords and Commons, Mr. Wigan's aristocratic patrons, were unseated, with power to move for a fresh writ, returnable on some other evening. While wishing scrupulously to avoid any partisanship with reference to this unfortunate dispute, I cannot help offering one or two remarks to the consideration of Mr. Wigan. In the first place, does he keep his theatre open by the assistance of his private friends, or by the support of the public? If by the latter, clearly the public are entitled to some consideration from him upon all occasions. Of course it would be competent for him to advertise that the performances for any given evening would be private, and that no admission to the general public would be granted. That would be intelligible, and no one would go and wait in the street under the expectation of getting a seat. But if it once be understood that the public are to be admitted, then no great curtailment should be made from the ordinary public accommodation without due notice. Mr. Wigan can reply to this that he *did* advertise the fact that a portion of the pit would be appropriated for stalls. My answer is that no one could have supposed from the advertisement that "a portion" meant considerably more than half. The next time this sort of thing is done the only way to prevent a repetition of the disagreeable scene above referred to will be to advertise "PIT ROOM FOR ONLY ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY."

FLANEUR.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"THE SANCTUARY."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

SIR,—Will you permit me, in all courtesy and good humour, to observe that, in the haste and hurry of a mere transient notice, the character and design of "The Sanctuary" has been misconceived, and therefore misrepresented, by the CRITIC in its latest number. A *paraphrase*, either of Scripture or of the Prayer-book, is precisely the very last thing I should attempt; for, in the former case, an author becomes irreverent, and in the latter he can hardly escape being tedious. The plan upon which "The Sanctuary" has been composed, was to select some central idea of Holiness, Beauty, or Truth, occurring in the Services of the day, and make it the inspiring principle of poetical illustration and expansion, in connection with the leading tone and tendency of the subject unto which it belongs. By adopting this method, neither the simple majesty of Scripture nor the stern purity of the Prayer-book is degraded by any dilution or paraphrastic treatment; while, at the same time, all that is sublime in Nature, awful in Providence, or impressive in Grace, lies open to the choice of the poet and the circle of his thoughts. Hitherto, the author's works have been so generously appreciated in the CRITIC, I am sure you will feel it an act of mere justice, not only to insert my letter, but to quote some of the poems, which fully and fairly represent the catholic unity and true spirit of "The Sanctuary." The verses on "Rain" are but a faint and feeble exponent of the author's design. Let me add that it has cost him much reading, reflection, and study, and that he was encouraged to produce the whole series from the high welcome afforded unto anonymous specimens, which have appeared (during the last four or five years) in the *Guardian*, the *English Churchman*, and the *Scottish Ecclesiastical Journal*. I am, Sir, yours, &c.

London, June 1855. ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

OBITUARY.

ESTLIN, Dr., at Bristol, who was the contemporary and the friend of Southey, Coleridge, Robert Hall, &c.; and it was at his table that Walter Savage Landor first met the poet Tennyson. He was distinguished as an oculist, and in 1812 he established the Dispensary for the Cure of Complaints in the Eye, situated in Frogmore-street, Bristol. From that period to the present, between 60,000 and 70,000 patients have been either entirely cured or greatly relieved therein. For the first fifteen months of the Institution all its expenses were defrayed by Mr. Estlin alone, and, until disabled by illness, he continued to give his services gratuitously. The following extract from his will is worthy of preservation:—"Anxious to mark my disapproval of the absurd waste of money that usually takes place on the occasion of a funeral (money which in many cases can be ill-afforded to be thus squandered), I especially direct that my funeral expenses—exclusive of any

sum necessarily employed about the family vault, or for travelling, should I die from home—shall not exceed twenty pounds. If respect to the dead can only be shown by black feathers and black coaches, I am willing to pass to my resting-place unrespected. As, however, my object is not to save money for my estate, and as, without these directions, an additional sum of forty pounds would probably be expended in heartless show, I direct that this latter named amount of forty pounds be distributed in charity as follows." [A number of bequests to deserving poor are then named.]

LINDLEY, Robert, our great violoncellist, last week. Lindley was born at Rotherham, in Yorkshire, in 1772. He was the son of a man who loved music, and could teach it a little. As a boy, he gave signs of great musical promise. These brought him under the notice of the Italian violoncellist Cervetto, who gave Lindley lessons, and to such good purpose, that in the year 1794 (only two years after Mozart's death) he took the desk of first violoncello in our Italian Opera orchestra,—and with it all the first appointments in our choice orchestras, and as solo player at festivals.

ROSE, Sir George, the diplomatist and editor of the "Marchmont Papers," on 17th June, at his residence, Christchurch, Hants.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Adams's (H. G.) Beautiful Shells, illust. 16mo. 1s. swd., 1s. 6d. cl.
Ainsworth's Ballads, Fantastic and Humorous, illust., 3s. 6d.
Allingham's (W.) Music Master, fcp. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Black's Tourist's Guide to Derbyshire, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.
Black's Tourist's Guide to Hampshire and Dorsetshire, 18mo. 1s. 6d.
Blackstone's Commentaries, abridged by Warren, post 8vo. 18s. cl.
Blakey's (R.) Angler's Song Book, fcp. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Burke's (B.) Royal Descents and Pedigrees, Part I., 10s. 6d.
Campbell's Pleasures of Hope, illust. by Foster, &c., sq. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Chambers's Journal of Popular Literature, Vol. III., New Series, 4s. 6d.
Cole's (A. W.) The World in Light and Shade, fcp. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
Constantine; or, Last Days of an Empire, by Spencer, 2 vols. 18s.
Cox's (Mrs. E. W.) Twilight Tales, sq. 2s. 6d. cl.
Dante's Divine Comedy, Notes on Translation, by Cayley, 10s. 6d.
Delassaux and Elliott's Street Architecture, illust. 25s.
Edison's Legitimate System of National Education, 3s. 6d.
Evans's Guide to the Emigration Colonies, 1s. 6d.
Excellior, Vol. III., cr. 8vo. 4s. cl.
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